McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT 12, ELDRED 7,

That is the Way the Ringsters Treated the Swamp Angels at Eldred Yesterday.

COUDERSPORT 1ST, WE ARE 2ND.

Angels Trim the Hicks and Lock Diggers Wallop the Indians—Standing of the Clubs.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Coudersport	4	4	0	1,000
Smethport	4	3	1	.750
Austin	3	2	1	.667
Port Allegany	4	1	3	.350
Eldred	5	1	4	.200
Olean	2	0	2	.000

Our base ball team went to Eldred yesterday afternoon and defeated the Swamp Angels by a score of 12 to 7. The victory was due to the good fielding of our team and a weakness in that line on the part of the Angels. As will be seen by referring to the tabulated score our boys were outhit, but fast work by the in and out field made the victory comparatively easy.

Fuller was in poor form on account of a lame arm and he did not seem to try to pitch first-class ball until the bases were partly filled and it became necessary in order to win the game. Many of Eldred's hits were of the scratch order, as will be seen when four singles and one man hit by pitched ball in one inning only netted the Angels two runs. Jessop pitched a very good game for Eldred, holding our boys down to 12 hits and striking out nine men.

Following is the score:

ELDRED	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stoffart, 2d	4	1	0	1	0	0
Sweeney, 1st	5	0	1	9	1	1
Peters, c	4	0	2	13	1	0
Murphy, 3d	4	1	0	0	1	3
A. Llewelyn, cf	3	2	2	1	1	1
Jessop, p	4	1	0	0	2	0
W. Llewelyn, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
J. Llewelyn, lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Walsh, ss	4	0	1	1	7	2
Totals	32	7	8	27	13	7

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tull, ss	6	1	0	0	3	0
Servatius, lf	6	1	2	2	0	0
Keefer, 1st	6	1	2	12	1	0
Studholme, 2d	5	1	0	4	3	1
Fuller, p	4	2	1	1	3	0
Quelch, 3d	5	1	2	3	2	2
Young, c	5	0	2	5	0	0
Deuning, cf	4	3	1	0	0	0
Andrews, rf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Total	46	12	12	27	15	3

Score by innings:

Smethport	3	1	2	0	0	4	1	1	0	—12
Eldred	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	— 7

Stolen bases—Tull 2, Keefer, Deuning, Stoffart.
Two base hit—W. Llewelyn.
Three base hit—Servatius.
Double plays—Tull to Studholme to Keefer.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 1, off Jessop 2.
Hit by pitched ball—by Fuller 4, by Jessop 2.
Struck out—by Fuller 3, by Jessop 8.
Umpires—Platts and Morrison.

ELDRED 8; AUSTIN 4.

The Eldred Swamp Angels won their first game from the Austin Hicks at Eldred last Thursday afternoon. Fred McFall pitched for the Angels. Following is the score from the Eagle:

ELDRED	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stoffart, 2d	4	1	0	1	1	0
Sweeney, 1st	5	1	1	6	0	1
Peters, c	4	2	3	13	2	0
McFall, p	4	1	0	1	3	0
A. Llewelyn, cf	3	1	0	0	0	1
Murphy, ss	4	0	2	2	1	0
W. Llewelyn, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
J. Llewelyn, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Walsh, 3d	4	0	1	3	1	2
Total	36	6	8	27	7	4

AUSTIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Siegler, c	3	1	1	4	2	0
F. Swain, ss	3	0	1	2	3	1
McNamara, 2d	4	0	0	2	3	0
Hanafan, 3d	4	2	1	0	1	0
Huckley, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
O'Brien, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fredericks, p	4	1	3	2	8	4
Page, 1st	4	0	0	13	0	1
Totals	37	4	8	24	12	4

Score by innings:

Eldred	3	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	*	— 6
Austin	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	— 4

The prize awards to clubs finishing in the following order are:

1st, pennant flag and $15 cash.
2nd, $35 cash.
3rd, $25 cash.
4th, $15 cash.

These prizes to be lowered proportionately if the 25 per cent of profits of games fails to pay league expenses. At present it doesn't look as though they would be changed.

COUDERSPORT 14, PORT ALLEGANY 6.

The Coudersport and Port Allegany teams met at the latter place on Monday and the visitors were victorious in one of the most loosely played games of the season by a score of 14 to 6. Coudersport put in its crack battery, Bell and Blair, whose work was far above the average. The Indians were beaten before they had donned their uniforms, as several of their number were heard to remark that the Lock Diggers were certain to defeat them. Such lack of confidence will lose many a game that might otherwise be won. The Indians must take something to stiffen their backbones or else Canoe Place will adorn the tail end of the list when the season closes. The tabulated score does not appear for the reason that the kaleidoscopic changes of position on the Port Allegany team during the contest required a more intimate acquaintance with each individual member than our reporter possessed.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.15. J. C. HAMLIN.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Port Allegany, Sept. 6, 1868. Editor MINER:—Sir: Please announce in your next paper that as I am not a member of the Democratic party I positively decline having my name used in connection with that party as a candidate for any office. My name was placed on the Democratic ticket as a candidate for the office of coroner without my knowledge or consent. Why it should have been placed on their ticket I am unable to state, lest it be that it was expected that by so doing they might secure another vote for the Democratic ticket. I therefore withdraw my name as a candidate for the office of coroner on the Democratic ticket and would suggest that they place instead thereof the name of a weak-kneed Democrat, who may need a recognition of this kind in order to retain him in the party through the present campaign. Hoping that this withdrawal and explanation will be sufficient I remain yours, etc., F. W. HOGARTH.

Married, at Port Allegany, on September 24, 1868, at the residence of the bride's father by the Rev. T. F. Parker Mr. H. L. Chapman of Jackson, Ohio, to Miss Frank E. Easton of Port Allegany.

The Farmers Valley Republicans raised a liberty pole on Saturday last about one hundred and seventy feet high in front of the hotel of Thomas Goodwin, Esq., and hoisted to the very tip the Grant and Colfax banner. They also flung to the breeze the old stars and stripes in the shape of a splendid flag, size 14 by 21 feet. Neither were the Farmers Valley boys at a loss for help to raise their liberty pole as there were upwards of a thousand people present to lend a helping hand. The Republicans of Farmers Valley and throughout the county are awakened to a full sense of their duty and you may expect to hear a good report from them on the 13th day of October.

Official Vote of McKean County.—The following are the official majorities of the several candidates at the election in this county on Tuesday, October 13, 1868: Republican—Auditor General, John F. Hartranft 554; Surveyor General, Jacob M. Campbell, 573; Congress, G. W. Scofield 141; State Senator, A. G. Olmsted, 178; Assembly, John Brooks 176; County Commissioner, Reuben Dennis 111; County Auditor, H. Hamlin 166. Democratic—County Treasurer, E. B. Dolley received 28 majority over W. W. Brewer, the Republican candidate.

To the distinguished patriot, Gen. Kane, we owe much for our glorious success at the late election, although the delicate condition of his health prevented him from speaking as much as he intended when the canvass opened. Whenever he did speak, however, his words were not sugar coated, but on the contrary they were the blistering utterances of the soldier patriot, such as are wont to come from the lips of all the great captains of our country.

Our Democratic friend, A. B. Armstrong (who, by the way, ought not to train with the Democratic party), the very obliging telegraph operator in this place, perpetrates a good thing about reading election dispatches to his Democratic friends on Wednesday last. It seems his store was filled principally with Democrats, all anxiously waiting to learn the result of the elections in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Finally the returns began to come in and a lengthy dispatch was received stating that Pennsylvania had gone Republican sixteen or eighteen thousand, Ohio from twenty to twenty-five thousand and Indiana from ten to fifteen thousand. The dispatch contained other items of election intelligence, all showing Republican gains. Armstrong commenced reading it and to use his own words, "after I finished I looked around and the only Democrat left in the room was Al Armstrong, alone in his glory, the last representative of a pure Democracy."

A. G. Olmsted's official majority in this Senatorial district was 3,550. In the Congressional district Judge Scofield received a majority of 2,548. In the Legislative district, composed of the counties of McKean, Cameron and Clinton, John Brooks, the Republican candidate, was defeated by 449 votes.

Married, in Keating township, October 22, 1868, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. B. F. Robbins and Miss A. A. Hyde, all of Keating.

Our friend, Thomas King, Esq., has purchased the Ransom Beckwith property in Mechanicsburg. When we see a young man investing in real estate, particularly village property, we can't avoid thinking that a partner will soon be taken into that concern, for it is up-hill business to keep bachelor's hall.—Only one man in a thousand is calculated for that business and we think Tom isn't one of that exclusive class.

Married, in Smethport, November 15, 1868, at the residence of A. B. Armstrong, by the Rev. R. K. Pierce, Dr. Fred W. Hogarth to Miss Flora M. Bennett, both of Port Allegany.

PASSENGER AND WORK TRAINS HAVE HEAD-ON COLLISION ON P., S. & N. R. R.

They Come Together on a Curve Under the Dugway about a Mile Below Smethport Station Monday Evening.

SEVERAL SLIGHTLY INJURED BUT NONE IN DANGEROUS CONDITION.

Crew on Work Engine Forget Passenger Train and Run on Its Time—Both Engines Badly Smashed but Staid on the Track—Large Crowd Views the Wreck.

A head-on collision occurred on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad, about one mile northeast of Smethport at about 7:15 Monday evening, in which several people were slightly injured and two engines were badly smashed up.

Passenger train, No. 16, in charge of Conductor D. M. Sheehan, drawn by engine No. 15, manned by Engineer Lawrence Hopper, was making its evening run from Larabee on schedule time, when it was met by Erie engine No. 377, in charge of Conductor George Hoover and Engineer W. L. Grunder, which was going down the road to get the night work train.

Engineer Hopper was first to discover that a collision was inevitable and he blew his whistle, reversed his engine, threw the emergency brake and jumped. Upon hearing the signal Engineer Grunder did likewise. The engineers and firemen were hardly out of their engines before the crash came.

W. H. Swort of Farmers Valley, who was driving into town, saw the collision and gave the alarm in town. Many people, including doctors, railroad officials, reporters and spectators hurried to the scene to assist the injured and learn the news, and in a short time the hill above the wreck was covered with people.

Two Mixed representatives were among the first to reach the wreck and the following list of injured was secured:

Conductor D. M. Sheehan, bone in right wrist broken and badly shaken up.

Engineer Lawrence Hopper, right ankle sprained.

Fireman Herman Dunjohn, jumped up from jump.

Miss Mayme Colegrove, from teeth knocked loose and lips cut.

Miss Lil King, slight cuts and bruises.

Mrs. M. W. Heinlein had scalp injured about the face.

Lewis McCann, jaw bruised.

W. O. Hamlin, nose cut and legs bruised.

Thomas F. Hungiville, arms and legs bruised.

Robert King and other passengers whose names we did not learn, slight bruises.

Engineer W. L. Grander, hip slightly bruised.

Fireman Smith, knee injured.

Just where the engines came together the track is almost perfectly straight and the iron horses struck so fair that neither left the track, although both were badly demoralized. The pilots were torn away, the heads of the boilers smashed in and the trucks on the passenger engine were driven back so as to lift the front drivers clear from the tracks. The tanks on both tenders were driven into the cabs of the engines in such a way that had either engineer or fireman remained at his post he would have been crushed. Nearly every window in the coach was broken and some of the seats were twisted from their fastenings and broken, so great was the jar of the collision.

When the crash came the passengers were thrown from their seats and in this way sustained their injuries. The engineers and firemen were hurt by jumping. Lawrence Hopper and J. Smith were compelled to jump among ties which were strewn along the upper side of the road and it is marvelous that they escaped with such slight injuries. W. L. Grander and Herman Dunjohn jumped down the bank and although their leaps were further they had comparatively smooth ground to alight on.

Conductor Sheehan says he heard the danger whistle and went out of the coach to see what was wrong. He had just got on the front platform and was reaching for a hand hold so that he could swing himself out in order to see ahead of the train when the engines met and that the sudden stop pitched him forward head first. He struck fully twenty feet from the track.

Dr. Burg Chadwick, physician and surgeon for the P., S. & N. R. R. was the first to arrive and he quickly rendered medical assistance to those who were in need of his aid, after which the injured either walked or were conveyed to their homes.

At about 8:30 engine No. 10, and a large crew of men arrived and the work of clearing away the wreck was commenced. This was comparatively a small job and before midnight the track was clear. The engines have been sent into the shops at St. Marys for repairs.

This accident can only be attributed to carelessness or absent-mindedness. Every member of the crew on the work engine knew when they left the switch at the Smethport station that the local passenger train was nearly due and that unless the train was late they would not have time to reach the switch, which held the gravel cars, before they would

Narrowly Escaped Lynching.

As will be seen by the following dispatch from Albany, N. Y., dated July 14, lynching might be just as prevalent in the North as in the South under the same conditions:

The quick wit of a deputy sheriff at Coxsackie this afternoon prevented the lynching of James Little, a 19-year-old negro, hailing from Summerhurst, N. J., who early this morning, near New Baltimore, criminally assaulted Emma Cole, aged 11 years, daughter of Joseph Cole, a farmer living east of the back of New Baltimore. The negro escaped after threatening the child with death. Two other children had given the alarm and Mr. Cole and neighbors met the child coming home and at once organized a party to scour the woods. A description of the negro was sent to the nearby towns and an hour later he was captured on the railroad track near Coxsackie by Roy Cutler. He confessed the assault and was locked up. In the meantime news of the capture reached New Bethlehem and a mob of 150 enraged farmers started for Coxsackie, augmented by a large number of striking Coxsackie moulders and rivermen, all frankly vowing their intention to lynch the negro. Deputy Sheriff Sumner Vandoon realizing that the coming of darkness would mean the breaking of the flimsy lockup and the violent death of his prisoner, smuggled the negro and took him down the river on the boat to Catskill, where there is a well built jail. The Cole child's father and the neighboring farmers are in a terrible state of excitement and but for the deputy's quick action would certainly have lynched the negro. The negro (Little) says he has been living at Albany until yesterday, when he started to walk to his home in New Jersey. His confession fully corroborated the story told by the children.

Louis Griggs a Hero.

The Jeannette Dispatch had the following in its issue of last week:

The names of many men are being enrolled on the list of those who performed brave deeds yesterday, but at the top of this roll of heroes should be written the name of Louis Griggs, 80 years of age, born at Brownsville, but for the past 10 years a glassworker at Jeannette.

Those who have looked over the sea of debris lying between the carbon works and the north tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad can form an idea of what that valley must have been when the flood was at its highest. The water stretched half a mile across the valley and every form of debris was rushing toward the railroad embankment. Great logs and parts of houses were bumping and crashing together. Few men would have thought it possible to have lived in that torrent.

Louis Griggs stood on the hillside 200 yards north of the railroad track. He saw a car from the dismantled roller coaster at the park being whirled down the stream. In it sat two terror-stricken men. Behind them came an empty skiff. Griggs threw off his coat and swam toward the skiff, dodging floating debris as best he could. No one thought that he would live to reach the boat. He did, and soon had the men back in a place of safety.

Griggs' work was not completed. Two hundred yards away he saw that the house of Mrs. Baker was rapidly filling with water. He remembered that a child had been born to Mrs. Baker on July 4. Again the boat shot out into the stream. Wreckage buffetted the skiff, but after a long and a hard pull Griggs landed at the second-story window of the Baker house. Lying in a bed was the mother and her babe. Quickly wrapping them in blankets, Griggs carried them to his boat. It was another battle to reach land, but Griggs won. To-day Mrs. Baker and child are being cared for by friends.

A McKean County Hero.

Among the heroes who were at Gettysburg last week in reunion, not one received more attention and a greater ovation than the aged John Dehn of Liberty township. It was the first he had been seen by the boys of his regiment since the glorious day when he snatched up the old blood bespattered flag and carried it beyond the farthest point it had yet attained. The few boys that were left out of his regiment followed closely at his heels. Though his good right arm was shot off he never lowered the flag, and another comrade came forward to relieve him. He was carried from the field to the hospital and after the amputation was made he was sent north. Last week he was the hero in peace as he had been the hero in that awful carnage forty years ago. On the splendid monument erected at Gettysburg to the glorious achievements of the Iron Regiment, a bronze medallion bears the profile of John Dehn, the color bearer of that regiment.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Railroad News.

The Kane Railroad extension of the Kushequa Route put in its crossing over the B. & O. near Mt. Jewett Friday. Supt. Spielman made a trip to Kane the evening before to meet Mr. Kane and left directions to Supervisor McCune to permit the crossing. Mr. Kane informs us that nothing further will be done in the way of constructing the Kane R. R. until after conferring with General Supt. W. C. Loree of the B. & O. R. R., who intends to make an inspection trip over the road with other officials in a day or two. Mr. Kane is about to make a new proposition to the merchants and manufacturers of Kane for the building of the independent standard gauge railroad outlet to Mt. Jewett. It will differ from his former offer principally in provisions designed to harmonize with the B. & O. and encourage it to standardize its line from Foxburg.—Kane Republican.

Young Man Suicides.

A special from Bolivar, N. Y., dated July 14, says: A shooting affray, said to be the result of jealousy over a girl, occurred at Belvidere yesterday, resulting in the death of Homer Garthwaite, aged 23, son of John Garthwaite, a farmer of that place. Garthwaite met Frank Utter, aged 25, of Belvidere in front of W. T. Worth's residence in that place and immediately opened fire upon him with a 32-calibre revolver. Utter was only four feet from Garthwaite, but the shot missed him and he ran away. Garthwaite then turned the weapon on himself and fired a bullet into his right temple.

He was taken to the home of his father and Dr. Howard of Friendship was summoned, but all efforts to save his life were in vain. He died 45 minutes after the shot was fired. It is said that Garthwaite had made two previous attempts to take his own life.

P. H. C Surprise.

The members of the Protected Home Circle of this place had a little surprise in store for their former president, C. M. Colegrove, Tuesday evening. Mr. Colegrove has served as president of this order for the past three years and on the above mentioned evening the members of this organization gave a very pleasant evening's entertainment in his honor.

A splendid musical program was rendered and both old and young participated in the terpsichorean art until it was announced that luncheon was ready. The ladies had prepared an elegant repast and it was hugely enjoyed by all present. During the evening Mr. Colegrove was presented with a beautiful scarf pin and a box of cigars as a slight token of the appreciation of the faithful service rendered by the retiring president of the P. H. C.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c. a foot.

THE POPE STILL LIVES.

But it is Expected That He Will Die To-Day.

LAST NIGHT PASSED RESTLESSLY.

Wonderful Endurance is All That Keeps him Alive—Is Slowly Sinking.

Pope Leo XIII, who has been lying at the point of death for the past ten days, still clings to life, although he cannot possibly live many hours more. A dispatch from Rome at 6 o'clock this morning says: The Pope passed a very restless night and his condition this morning is considerably worse.

Once or twice during the past week he has rallied and at times it was thought that his life might possibly be prolonged for several weeks, but such hopes are now gone.

Two Grand Old Men.

It is a coincidence that will not escape the curious that the head of the whole Roman Catholic Church and the nominal head of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States are, at the present time, both nonagenarians, says the Philadelphia Press. Pope Leo celebrated his 93d birthday March 2 last. Bishop Thomas M. Clark, bishop of Rhode Island and presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in this country, celebrated his 81st birthday last Saturday. The former is on his deathbed, but the latter is still enjoying comparatively good health for a man of his years.

Both these grand old men have had notable careers. For twenty-five years Leo has been the chief figure in Christendom. As the head of the great Catholic communion he has necessarily been continuously in the public eye. The career of the Bishop of Rhode Island has been less conspicuous. As the head of the diocese of the smallest State in the Union his field of clerical action was necessarily restricted. But Bishop Clark has found avenues of usefulness outside of his State and his profession, and in his active days made for himself an audience as large as that enjoyed by any American bishop.

These two men have seen great political changes in their time. The greatest change that has come to Leo is the unification of Italy and the wiping out of the states of the church. The chief civil event of Bishop Clark's career is the War for the Union and the wiping out of slavery. Both men have survived most of their contemporaries and can look back upon more changes than most men are permitted to remember. And each has seen the religious communion over which he presides grow strong and numerous notwithstanding the political and social upheavals occurring since their lives began.

It is not often that two such remarkable careers come coincidentally before the public. They serve to illustrate how much of history and of change can be compressed into the life of one man in these modern times. And when these careers are those of such men as Pope Leo and Bishop Clark they illustrate also how much of good and usefulness to the world the life of one man can cover.

Union Services.

The Methodist and Baptist congregations have entered into a plan for union services while the pastors of these churches are taking their vacations. On next Sunday and the Sunday following union services will be held in the morning in the Baptist church and in the evening in the Methodist church. In the absence of Dr. G. H. Patterson, who is now taking his vacation, Rev. P. S. Calvin will preach at these services. His subject next Sunday morning will be, "With Christ in the School of Sorrow." In the evening his theme will be—"The True Worship of God." Upon the return of Dr. Patterson and wife, Mr. Calvin is taking his vacation, morning services will be held in the Methodist church and evening services in the Baptist church.

Then He Awoke.

The guest at the fashionable mountain hotel asked for his bill.

"Let me see," said the obliging clerk. "You have been here three weeks, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," said the guest, wondering if they would insist on keeping his trunks as security.

"Ah, here it is," murmured the clerk. "Three weeks at $3 per week. That will be $6. And then you missed ten meals and were away one night, for which we will allow a reduction of $2.50, making the balance due us $3.50."

Then he awoke from the first good sleep he had had there.—Exchange.

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs and an oak side board or buffet. For particulars apply to F. G. Lindholm.

Quite a Little Money

can be saved by buying a Lawrence Odorless Hot Plate and Oven at Holmes & Gilfillan's, The Great Supply House.

Colonel Childers' Caller

By JOHN TRAINE

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It was on Colonel Childers' sixtieth birthday that the affair occurred. Some men would have called it an incident, but the colonel insisted upon terming it an affair, and he almost decided that it was of national importance. He had won the Victoria cross for gallant action in India. After his retirement the decoration seldom appeared on his breast. It was brought out only when the Blues or the Horse guards tendered him a little dinner or when there was a meeting of war veterans to praise each other and find fault with the colonels still left in the field.

On this his sixtieth anniversary the Horse guards had announced a banquet in honor of the old veteran, and at the proper hour he left his rooms and made his way by omnibus to their quarters. He had only arrived when he missed his Victoria cross. He felt sure that it had been stolen. During the ride on top of the bus he had had for a fellow passenger a genteel looking man. They had got down at the same time, and the stranger had somehow stumbled against the colonel. The odds were a thousand to one that the cross had been taken at that instant.

The colonel's indignation was so great that he left the banquet behind him and drove to Scotland Yard. He wanted twenty detectives sent out to hunt down the thief. He wanted to know if Britain had an arm to protect her subjects. He wanted a good deal more, and when the Yard officials refused to enthuse he threatened to have the police system of England upset and rebuilt on other plans. Taken altogether, the colonel had rather a bad night of it, and he woke up next morning to vow that he would spend his last dollar to recover the missing medal.

Two weeks passed and the police still reported no clew. In other words, the complaint had been pigeonholed along with hundreds of others of no more importance. It was a cool headed friend who finally gave the fuming colonel a tip, and the colonel had inserted an advertisement to the effect that he would give £20 reward for the return of the medal. He bound himself to ask no questions and not to give the thief into custody. Within twenty-four hours he had an answer. An anonymous letter said that a person would call at 10 o'clock in the evening to restore the decoration and would trust in his honor as a gentleman, and so forth.

When the hour arrived, the person arrived with it. He was the man who had sat beside the colonel on the bus, and he looked even more the gentleman than upon that occasion.

The stranger, who was not at all embarrassed and was all politeness, would have taken his money and departed if Colonel Childers had not detained him. While the colonel meant to keep his word, he had a natural curiosity to know just how he had been despoiled.

"Egad, sir," he exclaimed as he pounded his knee, "I am sixty years old. I have been about a bit. Such a thing has never happened to me before. I have insisted that no living man could hocus pocus me, and I am willing to add 25 to this if you will tell me how you did it."

"I am quite willing to oblige," replied the caller. "But are you sure your man is not listening at that door?"

"He is not the sort to listen, but I gave him his evening an hour ago."

"And there are no other servants?"

"None. First tell me this, if you will. How comes it that a gentleman like you is engaged in such disreputable business?"

"Believe me, colonel, but it was all a lark. I made a wager at the club that I would steal something within an hour, and my time was up within five minutes when I took your cross. I am deeply grieved if I have put you out. When I have shown this reward money at the club, I will return it to you."

"So it was a wager, eh?" mused the colonel, somewhat mollified. "I like a lark as well as any man, but that was going a little too far. You should have returned the cross next day."

"But I didn't know you."

"That's true. Now as to how you got this thing. Was it when you fell against me? You must be as tricky as a professional pickpocket."

"I will show you how it was, colonel," said the stranger as he rose up. "Stand up, please. If you will remember, you got down first. I followed you closely. When you reached the pavement, I was behind you, like this, and as you partly turned your head I"—

The stranger's right arm swept around under the colonel's chin, a knee of iron was pressed into the small of his back, and he was carried after the most approved fashion in the center of his own sitting room.

It might have been ten minutes later when he recovered consciousness. Then the hero of a dozen battles and the recipient of half a dozen medals found himself treated like a dog. His hands and feet had been tied, a gag inserted in his jaws, and he had been rolled to one side. There were two men in the room, and each had a stout sack and was packing up such articles as could handily be removed. The collection of curios was large and valuable, and the men were connoisseurs. They were in no hurry. They drank the colonel's wine and smoked his cigars as they worked and now and then paused to give him a word of advice on Victoria crosses and advertising.

When the sacks had been filled and carried out to a carriage in waiting, the soldier was returned alone. He hadn't quite finished business. There was a safe in the colonel's bedroom. It was a thief proof safe, but the man had it open in five minutes. There were some jewelry and £250 in cash, and he stowed the plunder away in his pockets. Then he knelt beside the colonel and removed his watch and scarf pin and did not overlook a handful of change. There was nothing more he coveted, and he lighted a cigar, sat down in the easy chair and quietly observed:

"Colonel Childers, you are a fool. When you found your cross missing, you ought to have reasoned that it was not taken for its intrinsic worth, but with some ulterior object in view. In advertising for it you should have had the thief call elsewhere. If here, you should not have sent your valet away. You should have had no curiosity. You should not have let me step behind you. You see the result—the natural result. You are pretty effectually cleaned out, and I am £2,000 ahead of the game. And I will now bid you good night. Your man ought to be back in half an hour, and you will observe that your Victoria cross is left lying on the floor beside you. It has come back to you after many days, and I trust you will pin it on at once and be happy."

THE STRANGER'S RIGHT ARM SWEPT AROUND UNDER THE COLONEL'S CHIN.

Nobles In Mean Attire.

Where did etiquette require nobles to appear before their sovereigns meanly clad?

This singular custom obtained at court ceremonial in ancient Mexico under the Aztec dominion. When the native lords and grandees had occasion to seek the presence of Montezuma they were under the obligation, as Toribio de Benevente, a Spanish Franciscan missionary, who accompanied the Conquistador Cortes, testifies, of assuming a voluminous bundle of jean material (and nankin grosery, forsooth, with which they covered and concealed their ordinary robes, in token of subjection and humiliation.

These were manufactured out of the leaves of the aloe tree by the commoner classes. Etiquette required the strict observance of this custom by all those who came into the emperor's presence, with the exception of persons of the royal blood. Any one seeking audience of the emperor failed to don these common clothes on his arrival at the palace. Barefooted and wretchedly clad, he was led before the sovereign and with downcast eyes made his request, with every outward sign of abject subservience.—London Answers.

Just Like a Man.

Mr. Hopperdyke, who had been slightly injured in a railway collision while on a trip away from home, found it necessary to make a stop of a day or two to rest and repair damages. He was not much disabled, however, and he wrote a letter to his wife, telling her of the accident and assuring her that he was all right and that she need not have a moment's uneasiness about him.

When he had posted the letter an idea struck him, and he sent her the following telegram:

Have been hurt in railroad accident. Letter on the way, which will explain.
JOHN.

Two days afterward he received this dispatch from her:

Why on earth did you send that horrid telegram?
LIZZY.

His reply was:

I sent it to prepare you for the letter.
JOHN.

—Youth's Companion.

Slightly Negligent.

A quack who had attended a man during several weeks of illness called one day and presented his bill.

"I can't pay this," said the ex-patient.

"Why? It's correct."

"I don't doubt it, but I haven't any money, had to pay a life insurance premium this morning, and that took every penny I had."

"What! Is your life insured?"

"Yes, and at one time, when I did not expect to live but a few hours longer, I told my wife to see that you were paid just as soon as the company paid the amount of the insurance."

"My dear man," the bogus doctor suggestively replied, "I wish I had known that. I think I would have got my money."—Illustrated Bits.

A Cupid Prescription.

"Well, then, how must I make love?"

"First you must believe that there is no one in the world but me."

"I've got that far already."

"Next you must make me believe that there is no one in the world but you."—Life.

An Unkind Suggestion.

"You love my daughter?"

"She's all the world to me, sir."

"Then I don't suppose you'll want a settlement."—Exchange.

Just about the time you conclude you are down and out your foot strikes something that will hold you.—Atchison Globe.

The Women's Declaration of Independence

By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER

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"MARSTON, who's that pretty girl over there at the window opposite? Good style, she is."

"That's Esther Zane."

"No! Can't be but one Esther Zane, and she's the leader of those brassy athletic girls in Co Ed university. I never saw the creature; don't want to see her. Women that ape men are disgusting. If we university men had our way, we'd put 'em every one out. They weaken and belittle one tone."

"My son, when you are older you will know more. When you are as old as I am you will know it is better to leave women to do as they like, for they will do it anyhow."

"Thanks, John Marston. You are just four years older than I am. But you're married, and I suppose that makes a difference; gets a fellow so broken in that at twenty-five he's twenty years older than he was two years before."

"Just so. Philip Altman, twenty-one, if he had been two years married would be wiser in woman lore than Philip Altman, bachelor, will be at a hundred. Did you hear of the women's Fourth of July celebration here at Sunlight this summer? Esther Zane planned it all and carried it through."

"That girl with the wavy black hair, the bright, merry rounded face, so pretty a fellow would like to—I don't believe it."

"But it's so, Phil. Some of the women wanted us men to arrange an old fashioned Fourth of July picnic. We were too lazy. The young fellows were nearly all away camping in the woods; the old ones were off on fishing trips. Hardly a live creature was left besides myself except Granddad Grote, eighty years old and a cripple; the milkman, the butcher boy and the lame Spurgeon Spiles, stammering here for his ministerial laid thwart. Then there were a few old farmers. The men such as they were, would do nothing. Esther Zane, just twenty and just out of her sophomore year at Co Ed—she is the same, I tell you, Phil—said it was a shame to let the school children pass the nation's birthday without any commemoration at all. She roused the women to help her, and declared that not a man should have anything to do with the affair."

"I read of it, John, and I was disgusted. It's a woman's place to look

ESTHER READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

sweet and lovely and wear pretty clothes and charm us men in private life. To stride upon a platform and strain her squeaky soprano voice trying to speak in public! Detestable, I say! I've no use for the new woman anyhow."

"Phil—good Lord, how much you don't know! The women outdid with their celebration anything in that line ever undertaken hereabout. We won't do anything by halves, said Esther Zane. So the squeaky soprano committee of arrangements sent to Boston and got the women's orchestra there—trumpet, drum, fiddle and brass horns. Jolly good band it is, Phil!"

"A woman distorting her face tooting on a brass horn makes me sick."

"The women's brass band opened the ball with 'The Star Spangled Banner.' It floated through the trees and echoed among the hills outdoors like the roll call of liberty. Then Esther Zane, dressed in white, with a silk American flag draped across her breast, steps up and reads the Declaration of Independence."

"That pretty creature in pink over there at the window? I say, I don't believe it."

"But I say she did—read it with a force and feeling that wakened thrills of boyish patriotism even in my hardened old soul. You never heard the Declaration read like that, Phil."

"No, I never did, and I don't want to. But I heard"—

"Oh, I know. Yes, she did that too. When she came to the words, 'We hold these truths to be self evident,' she paused till all the audience looked up at her to see what was coming. Then she raised her voice and continued slowly and impressively, 'We hold these truths to be self evident—that all men, including women, are created equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY and the pursuit of happiness.'"

"By Jove!"

"She spoke that world 'liberty' in a way to give you thrills down your spine. She had the Co Ed girls' glee quartet up to help her. They all wore little silk American flags pinned to their white dresses just as she did, and after she finished the Declaration they sang a new patriotic song one of the club herself had written to the grand old air of 'Rally Round the Flag, Boys,' words that both north and south could unite in singing whole hearted. Old soldiers of the civil war waved their eyes, women kissed the little flags they wore. The girl had got the school children together—she let the boys in on that—and dressed them in a United States flag tableau. In the upper left hand corner of a rectangle of benches rising one above another the girls sat. They wore blue dresses and carried small white parasols, star shaped. The boys wore red and white muslin caps and capes and sat in red and white stripes below and to the left of the girls. Girls waved the star parasols, boys waved their red and white caps. Wasn't it a fine idea, Phil? Oh, you've nothing to say."

"Next a sweet old saint of a woman with white hair told the gaping children what women, too, had done for their country. She told them how in 1777 Esther Zane the first, a long ago relative of the young lady who had read the Declaration, volunteered to go out from the stockade at Fort Henry in Ohio when the Indians were all around them firing bullets into the fort and bring from the cabin of Ebenezer Zane a keg of powder, for the men in the stockade were out of ammunition."

"Well?"

"Well, the white haired old saint told us next of Mother Bickerdyke, the soldiers' angel in the civil war. She saved thousands of lives, Union and Confederate alike. Many a night following a fight, even in the storm and bitterest weather, an officer would perhaps see a twinkling light upon the battle field after the hospital corps had abandoned it, and the light would be from a lantern carried by Mother Bickerdyke, out with an orderly examining the bodies to perhaps there might not yet be a spark of life refulfilling in some."

"Well?"

"Well? Well that the American flag children sang 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' Then while the women's orchestra played 'Yankee Doodle' we assembled for our basket picnic dinner. Phil, that was the most fetching Fourth of July celebration I ever attended, bestered with not one of your long winded orators that are such a nuisance in the meetings of us men."

* * * * * * *

"Linda Miles, who is that coming this way with John Marston? Very good looking for a man."

"That, Esther, is Philip Altman, Mr. Marston's cousin. He is here for the vacation."

"Linda, you don't mean it. This person looks really manly. Philip Altman, of all creatures contemptible! He heads the fellows that tried to keep us girls off the college campus, and he's written the meanest things about us of anybody in the college paper. Linda, sometimes I'm afraid I'm getting to hate men, and I'm sorry for it, because the emotion of hatred is not a good one to indulge—reacts psychologically on the health. I hope that I shall never meet that Altman."

But of course the two did meet later. When they were introduced Esther Zane stiffened her lips visibly; Philip Altman assumed his indifferent drawl; John Marston smiled.

The two foes met often. She treated him with the barest civility at first, which Altman was not used to from girls, and it hurt his vanity. Presently, however, Esther remembered that we should be kind to our enemies so as to heap coals of fire upon their heads. She suddenly turned about and became sweet as an angel—a far off angel, that is, and unattainable. Philip Altman noticed that of all her frippery loving sex Esther Zane was one of the fripperiest. She wore yellow muslins that enveloped her like a halo, now again gray that veiled her in a mist. He heard the swish of a silk petticoat as she passed him in street gown. She even wore chains and bangles. What a pity a girl like this had distorted her true womanly nature by adopting the strong minded role!

History moves swiftly with hearts in hot weather. Once at twilight through the open window Philip heard Esther singing a love song—low, sweet and tender. He sat still and listened and thought the rings of smoke he lazily blew from his lips were just the color of Esther Zane's prettiest gray street gown. Then he said to himself:

"I wonder if there is a Juliet as well as a Portia in Esther Zane?"

After that night he discovered that a flower she had touched, a book she had read, somehow had a peculiar interest for him—more than any other woman's books or flowers had ever held. When she and Linda Miles went for a morning spin upon their bicycles he often happened along there in the path in time to come home with them.

As for Esther Zane, when the strong hand of this person of the hated sex touched her arm her heart beat faster, she knew. It was queer, but his eyes were clearer and keener than other fellows' eyes, so that when he looked at her she could not face him back, but dropped her eyes like a fool—she whose glance had never fallen before the gaze of man. She shook herself and rubbed her eyes. She said:

"Thank goodness, vacation is nearly over! I'm not going to be hypnotized by any mere man."

It was the last night of vacation. The armistice was ended. Tomorrow they would go back to the Co Ed and resume hostilities, she the champion of the Co Eds, he the leader of the antis. They would be bitter enemies once more, man against woman, woman against man. Esther Zane sat alone in the twilight and sighed. Oh, why would men be so unjust to women? Philip Altman, Philip Altman! Out of college manly, courteous and chival-

"AGAIN, I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM."

rous as a knight of the Round Table; in college a perfect gorilla! Her heart was sore. Philip came in.

"I have come to bid you goodby, Miss Esther. I suppose back at the university we'll never meet again, there is so much antagonism between the sexes. Must there always be antagonism, Miss Zane? Well, it's a pity!"

"I'm surprised to hear you say that, you who wrote those bitter editorials against us girls just because we, too, wanted a university education. I could not have believed it of you if I had not known. Out of college you seem so different, so courteous and chivalrous, so—so everything a girl most admires in a man."

A flush crept over Altman's face; his voice dropped low and tense.

"Miss Zane, I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I did not know. I did not think. I never once thought that the stronger and more intellectual a man himself is the better he can afford to let women have their chance too. If college men knew girl students better they would be to them more like gentlemen, less like red Indians. I suppose now I can never destroy in your mind the prejudice I put there by my conduct toward you college girls. Again, I can't tell how sorry I am, and that's all I can say."

Esther smiled, but her lips quivered with something that was not a smile as she answered:

"Didn't I tell you that outside of the university you are all that a girl most likes and admires?"

"Esther, Esther, don't say that if you don't mean it. Don't you see I am mad in earnest? I love you, Co Ed Esther, as I never thought to love one of the sex we boys said we despised, when we knew better all the time and we didn't despise them at all, but were only jealous. I know I shall never care so much for any woman again. Esther, you tell me a girl can like and admire me. There is only one girl I care a straw to have like or admire me, and that girl is you, and you know it. After all that has been, can you forgive? Esther, tell me the truth. Can you like and admire me?"

"Till death, at least," she corrected, "I think I can."

At that he laughed even while his arm drew her to him and he kissed her.

A year afterward there was another Independence day celebration at Sunlight. Men and women both participated in it, and it was even better than the women's celebration had been because there were more men to help eat the picnic dinner and make things lively. Philip Altman, who had just been graduated from Co Ed university after a respectable record in letters and a brilliant one in heavy weight athletics, read the Declaration. In a musical, impressive bass voice he pronounced these words:

"We hold these truths to be self evident"—here his eyes roved calmly over his audience till they rested upon a beautiful young lady, who smiled, blushed faintly and looked down; then the voice continued—"that all men, including women, are created equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY and the pursuit of happiness."

Babies In India.

Babies cry very little in India—they obey spiritual law as a flower. The lotos bud, lying on a stone bench in a dirty room, sheds its toe and seems dreaming of the pranks of baby Krishna and solving problems of the universe. As it grows older it is very timid and shy in the presence of its elders. It feels the religious awe around it and does not break out into boisterous sport when all seem at prayer.

But there is much love in India, and these humble households seem very happy. They are all in all to each other and seek nothing outside either in society or amusement. Beautiful character comes from obedience to law and not from lawlessness. In India children are the crowning gift of life. It is a horror to be childless.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Retort Discourteous.

Miss Van der Whoop — Yes, Miss Binns, I am the youngest member of one of the oldest families in New York.

Miss Binns (envious)—I don't doubt that it's the oldest family—if you're the youngest member!—Smart Set.

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J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 16, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—To-morrow is the last day of the Olean races.

—St. Marys is to have a new Bank & Trust Company with a capital stock of $125,000.

—M. E. Schifley, who was injured in a fight at an Italian fruit store in Olean on July 4th, died on Wednesday of last week.

—Emmett Garvey and Estey Carlson, aged about 12 years, were drowned in Chautauqua lake on Saturday while swimming.

—The Elmira Masons are said to have cleared over $18,000 by the fair which was held there during the two weeks ending July 4th.

—King Peter of Servia is receiving many offers of marriage, among which are several from wealthy American women who wish to exchange wealth for crown.

—The Waldmere at Lakewood was destroyed by fire last Wednesday afternoon. The members of Jamison's orchestra, Bradford, lost considerable clothing, music, etc.

—Edward Delehanty, the famous Washington base ball player, was drowned in Niagara river last Thursday. He was put off a train and walked through an open draw bridge.

—Mrs. Rachel Satterly, who resided near Wellsboro, was killed by lightning recently. She was sitting beside her husband and although he was rendered unconscious by the shock he received no injuries.

—The coroner's jury acting on the death of Archie J. Stricker, who was killed in a trolley collision near Warren on July 4, held the trolley company and the conductors of the cars guilty of criminal negligence.

—The Supreme Court of this State has affirmed the decision of the lower court in the case of Bradford City vs. the New York and Pennsylvania Telephone and Telegraph Co., which was decided in favor of the defendant.

—Carrie Nation, "the Joan of Arc of Kansas," was at Celoron yesterday and sold a number of cast iron hatchets. The hatchets, it may be stated incidentally, were the only dull things in Carrie's entertainment.—Bradford Era.

—Dealers in cigarettes are hereby cautioned not to sell or deliver cigarettes to minors whether offering to purchase directly or upon orders purporting to be from parents or other adults. Such orders afford no protection to the dealer, and will not prevent prosecution.

—A two-years-old girl baby fell out of the car window of a rapidly moving train near Irvineton, on Thursday and escaped without any serious injuries. The train was stopped and as her father and others rushed back to pick up the child they were surprised to find the child walking towards them with only a few slight scratches.

—Three important cases will be tried at the October term of civil court in Elk county, in which the Shawmut Mining Company is defendant in two actions amounting to $220,000 and the P., S. & N. R. R. is defendant in one for $50,000. All three cases were brought about through failure to fill contracts for coal last winter when prices were so high.

—At Knoxville the other day a boy fired five shots from a revolver at the side of a Buffalo & Susquehanna passenger train. The train was loaded with excursionists and little attention was paid to the shooting until one bullet struck a man in the arm. No cause is known for the act and at first he was supposed to be using blank cartridges.

—It is becoming quite a fad for the crowned and chaperoned heads of Europe every time they take a drink to cable the fact to President Roosevelt with a sentiment, such as "Gesundheit," or "Here's looking at you," or something of that sort. Here in free America a man will slip in at the side door and absorb his stimulant without even telephoning to his wife. Such is the difference in custom.

The Same Brick.

One day a mother found her four-year-old Alice playing with a brick in the parlor.

She threw it out of doors and, turning to the child, said, "If you bring another brick into the parlor mother will whip you."

Shortly afterward she again found the child playing with a brick and, looking at her reprovingly, asked, "What did mother tell you about that brick, Alice?"

"Well, this isn't another brick," said the child. "This is the one I had before."

Love and the Doctor.

It would be well if in negotiations with a view to matrimony the doctor were to be called in as an accessory to the god of Love, who is proverbially blind and therefore regardless of consequences. The family doctor can do much to prevent unwholesome marriages, and we look with much greater confidence to the fruits of his teaching and persuasion than to legislative enactments.—British Medical Journal.

His Measure.

"Naw," said the head waiter, "that man that jest went out ain't worth much."

"How do you know?" inquired the favorite customer.

"Oh, it's easy for us waiters to take a man's measure."

"I suppose you measure him from tip to tip, eh?"—Exchange.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

Miss Nellie McGill entertained thirty-five of her friends last Friday evening in Tyler's Hall. The hall was decorated with farns and roses. The evening was spent in dancing and singing. Her friends departed for their homes at a late hour well satisfied for being in attendance.

The ice cream social which was held in the hall last Friday evening was well attended. Eighteen dollars was realized to be applied on Rev. Sprague's salary.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Smith spent last Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Smith, at Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mullin and friends of Bradford are spending a few days on the farm.

Mrs. N. Smith and Mrs. Rickey were visiting relatives and friends in Newton last Wednesday.

Mr. Ackerman of Olean, N. Y., was transacting business in this place last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Furtel are entertaining relatives from Canada this week.

Frank McGill and George Irons attended the races at Olean this week.

Samuel Lewis was in Smethport last Saturday.

George Otto has been on the sick list.

Fred Fields spent Sunday in town.

The King Lacked Nerve.

Baroness Ebsdl[illegible] in her diary the following account of the abdication of Louis Philippe of France on the day of that memorable occurrence: "An aid-de-camp of the minister of war, who was in the king's cabinet when he abdicated, gave me a detailed account of this most signal piece of cowardice. He had reviewed the troops in the carrousel on horseback, highly ranged, when a cry was raised, 'Vole les Faubourgs.' No one had any orders; no one gave any. The mob rushed forward shouting, 'Vive la garde nationales! Vivent les troupes,' and shook hands with the outposts. The king retreated precipitately with his sons, and a sublieutenant of the national guard rushed into the palace asking to see him. He was admitted and in the greatest agitation said, 'Your majesty must abdicate!' 'Very well,' says the king. 'In favor of my grandson.' 'No, unconditionally,' says the young and self-elected mouthpiece of public opinion. Would you believe it? Of all who were congregated round the royal person Pisentory alone said: 'Go down and head your troops. Fight for your crown and your dynasty.' He was overruled, and they all marched out of the palace except the Duchesse d'Orleans, her children and the Duc de Nemours."

The Frog's Breathing.

The frog's skin is so important as a breathing apparatus that the creature would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing you will notice that his sides do not heave as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in gulps, and if you will watch this little fellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow, his mouth must be closed. Just try to swallow with your mouth wide open and you will see what I mean. A frog, then, always breathes through his nose, and if you held his mouth open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish.—Woman's Home Companion.

Wonders In Nature.

A thousand wonders in nature are lost to the human eye and only revealed to us through the microscope. Think of dividing a spider's web into a thousand strands or counting the arteries and nerves in the wing of a gossamer moth! Yet by the powerful lens of a microscope it is found there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar. The eye of a drone contains 14,000 mirrors, and the body of every spider is furnished with four little lumps pierced with tiny holes, from each of which issues a single thread, and when a thousand of these from each lump are joined together they form the single line of which the spider spins its web and which we call a spider's thread. Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them put together to equal in size a single human hair.

He Burned Lots of Wood.

A veracious chronicler of the times of Jonathan Edwards gives figures which prove a liberal consumption of fuel in the household of the great theologian. In the winter of 1740-41 the town of Northampton supplied the Edwards parsonage with seventy-five loads of wood. In the next season eighty-two loads were delivered. For the succeeding winter the total was seventy-eight, and a year afterward the astonishing quantity of ninety-five loads was supplied. There was no lack of fire at the Edwards hearth. Is it wonderful, then, that he preached burning sermons?

What's Left.

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, dear! Do you think that death ends all?

Bingo—All but the estate. The lawyers end that.—Exchange.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Cereals Pure Food Co., La Rue, N. Y.

The Exclusiveness of Caste.

An English officer who some years ago was wounded in a battle in India and left lying all night among the native dead and wounded tells this story: "Next morning we spied a man and an old woman, who came to us with a basket and a pot of water, and to every wounded man she gave a piece of jowree bread from the basket and a drink from her water pot. To us she gave the same, and I thanked heaven and her. But the Soobahdar was a high caste Rajpoot, and, as this woman was a Chumar or of the lowest caste, he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it that he might live, but he said that in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us—why should he give up his fate for such an object? No; he preferred to die unpolluted."

Suspicions of Her Aunt.

"Mamma," said little Marguerite when the family and the visitors from the country had sat down to breakfast, "is it true that people who snore have bad consciences? I read in one of my books that they do."

"I don't know, dear. Perhaps they have. What makes you ask such a funny question?"

"I was just thinking, if it's true, Aunt Susan must at least have killed somebody once."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I thank Dr. Pierce for the kind advice he gave when I wrote to him."

"I am thankful to the friend who first recommended your medicine," writes Mrs. Hattie M. Brook, of Smithfield, Fayette Co., Pa. "We have a twelve pound baby, three weeks old. I took three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' before baby came, and the time was only one hour and a half. Have had five children, and before this always had a severe time, lasting two or three days, and never was able to do any work for about two months afterward. Now I am doing all the work for four children. My friends say I look better now than ever before. We told one of my sisters to take 'Favorite Prescription,' which she did, and when her child was born the time of suffering was very short. She has better health now than since her marriage, some years ago. We cannot praise Dr. Pierce's medicines enough. I thank Dr. Pierce for the kind advice he gave when I wrote to him. Whenever I see other women suffering I tell them about your wonderful medicines."

The benefits resulting from a consultation by letter with Dr. Pierce are testified to by thousands of grateful women who have been made new women by his medical advice and fatherly counsel given absolutely without cost or fee.

Sick and ailing women, especially those suffering from chronic diseases, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for the cure of womanly ills. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is the best preparative for maternity, giving the mother strength to give her child, and making the baby's advent practically painless.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

WHY?

When we place on sale, as we do,

This and Next Week,

$10.50, $11.00 and $12.00 Suits at

$9.50

and give 95 Yellow Trading Stamps with each Suit and stamps in proportion with any sale, you will soon know

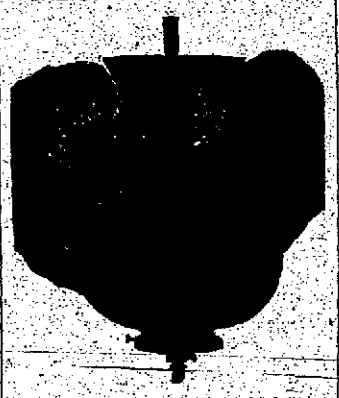
WHY

we hold our old customers and please new ones.

25 per cent Reduction, including Trading Stamps on all Children's Clothing.

Wm. Monheimer.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W SYRONG

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Banking on Paint

The practical painter says, you can "bank" on Patton's Sun-Proof Paint because it saves the cost of at least one painting every five years. The painter "banks" on it because it gives him a reputation.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

is made in exact proportions—of the most durable materials, perfectly mixed by improved machinery. It is the best spreading, ruggest wearing paint, and has the most brilliant and lasting colors. Guaranteed to wear for five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right

We have purchased the stock of

GROCKRIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 16, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER.
WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

IN a railroad wreck on the Missouri Pacific, between Little Blue and Lee's Summit, Mo., three people were killed and 50 were injured.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has decided to appoint Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver of Albany, N. Y., as Assistant Secretary of War, to succeed Col. William Cary Sanger, resigned.

MAYOR WEAVER of Philadelphia threatens to have a general cleaning up of the rotten political ring in that city. All honest men will take off their hats to Mayor Weaver if he fulfils his threat.

A BALTIMORE man, who shot and killed his wife, claims that he did the deed while asleep. This is the latest line of defense for murderers and if he escapes justice on this plea the plan will probably become popular.

THE record breaking wheat crop now confidently counted on by the farmers of the Dakotas, Minnesota and Kansas is inspiring the honest yeomen of those States to go about their tasks cheerfully humming their favorite air, "In This WheatDy and By."

A DISPATCH from Augusta, Me., dated July 15, says: Mrs. James G. Blaine died this morning. She was the widow of the famous Maine statesman. Death was due to old age and general breakdown. She was nearly 75 years of age. Her health has been failing three years.

THE Buffalo Express says: A Pennsylvania corporation gave a box of cigars to each of its 1,000 employes the other day. If, by and chance, they were good cigars, the presentation will prevent a strike for years to come. There's nothing like a good cigar to promote a friendly feeling.

THE Honorable Bill Devery proposes to start a newspaper—an ideal one, according to his own peculiar notions. "Nobody will be using my paper to wrap up meat with," he explains in telling of his plans. The Buffalo Express says that very naturally Devery's personal journal will not be used for wrapping up meat with if the meat is to be eaten.

AGAIN rumors are being circulated that United States Senator M. S. Quay will not be a candidate to succeed himself in the Senate and it seems the rumors are pretty well founded. In a speech at Philadelphia some time ago Mr. Quay stated that he would not be a candidate again and he still sticks to this statement. Many, who are anxious to succeed him, are laying plans for their own interests and the choosing of a Legislature a year from this fall promises to be very exciting.

THE scandals in the postoffice department still continue to come. The post office inspectors are investigating charges made against John M. Masten, now assistant superintendent of the railway mail service, and formerly chief clerk of the First Assistant Postmaster General's office. A man named Terry, now in the government service, has made an affidavit before the inspectors alleging that Masten, while chief clerk to the first assistant, proposed that Terry pay him $50 down and $8 or $10 a month to secure reinstatement in a former position in Masten's bureau.

THE Americans demonstrated their superior marksmanship and captured the Palma trophy at Bisley, England, on Saturday last. Her team scored an aggregate of 1,570 out of a possible 1,800 and beat all the best shots of Europe, South Africa, Australia and Canada, congregated for the first time on English soil to compete for the world's premier shooting trophy. Great Britain was second with 1,555, and Canada third, with 1,518. With the exception of the 800-yards range, at which the United Kingdom beat them by three points, the American team demonstrated superiority over all comers. The other grand aggregates were: Australia 1,501, Natal 1,309, Norway 1,241, France 1,230.

THE Democratic leaders who supported ex-Governor Pattison in his last unfortunate campaign for governor talk of bringing him out as a candidate for President. It looks now as though most any one might have that doubtful honor. Pennsylvanians would be glad to see Mr. Pattison nominated, notwithstanding the fact that he was defeated last year by over 156,000 majority for his Republican opponent, a majority that would be greatly increased in favor of the Republican candidate for President should Mr. Pattison be chosen by the Democrats. Still, the Democrats would be certain of having a clean man for their nominee, in case they fixed upon Mr. Pattison.—Philadelphia Press.

Our Trade With Canada.

Eleven months' figures just completed by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce show that the increase in the exports to British North America has been $12,000,000 in the eleven months of 1903, compared with the corresponding months of the preceding year, and indicates that the increase for the entire fiscal year will be something more than $12,000,000, with a total of about $125,000,000, says the Buffalo Commercial. The imports from British North America for the same period will be about $55,000,000, showing an increase of $7,000,000 over the preceding fiscal year. The so-called balance of trade for 1902-03 is therefore $70,000,000 in favor of the United States. During the decade 1893-1903 the American exports to British North America have increased $77,000,000 and the imports from that country $17,000,000.

Those figures show that our trade with Canada and the maritime provinces is a vast and rapidly growing factor in our foreign commerce and far better worth the consideration and fostering care of our government than many more distant and apparently more coveted markets. Indeed Germany is the only foreign country with which our trade in 1902-03 shows greater increase than that with Canada. Our exports to Germany in that year lead the list with a gain of $21,000,000. The most important articles which form that exportation of $125,000,000 to British North America are, stating them in the relative order of value: manufactures of iron and steel, coal, breadstuffs, raw cotton, manufactures of cotton, agricultural implements, chemicals, lumber and manufactures of wood.

It is a question whether these imposing figures will serve best the cause of the advocates of reciprocity between the United States and Canada or that of the champions of the "let-well-enough-alone" policy in this country and the higher-protectionists in the Dominion. Obviously the ideal commercial relations between contiguous countries supplementing each other at so many points as do Canada and the United States would be the entire freedom of trade enjoyed by the several States in the Union. While Canada is outside the Union such a trade relationship is impracticable. To most people on this side of the border present trade conditions seem satisfactory, and it is probable that they will not consent to material tariff changes until the advantages to be gained thereby are clearly demonstrated. In Canada the clamor for higher protective duties against American imports will probably be increased by the growing "balance of trade" in favor of the United States. The operation of the 33⅓ per cent. preferential tariff in favor of British goods in contemporary trade between the two English-speaking countries of North America is scarcely visible to the naked eye. One conclusion is obvious and indisputable: the commerce between the two halves of North America, like the fine old Irish gentleman, is "mighty hard to kill." And that is because they are each other's natural customers.

Reduced Rates to Baltimore

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Baltimore, Md., July 21 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to Baltimore from all stations on its lines, except Woodberry, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Columbia, Frederick and intermediate stations on the Northern Central Railway, Lancaster, Harrisburg and intermediate stations and stations on the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad (exclusive of stations south of Townsend, Del., from which tickets will be sold) on July 19 and 20, good for return passage until July 31, inclusive, at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus one dollar.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 11, 1903:

Jerry Cummings, Martin Clark, Mrs. Alice M. Davidson, James Kennedy, Henry Madigan, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, James Miller.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between George Shepard and J. C. Gallup, under the firm name of Shepard & Gallup, was dissolved on the sixth day of July, nineteen hundred and three, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said J. C. Gallup, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

GEORGE SHEPARD,
J. C. GALLUP.

A horse broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides. J. C. HAMLIN.

Tour to the Pacific Coast.

On account of the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at San Francisco, Cal., August 17 to 22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers a personally conducted tour to the Pacific coast at remarkably low rates.

Tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other points on the Pennsylvania railroad, east of Pittsburg Thursday, August 6, by special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment. An entire day will be spent at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, two days at Los Angeles, and visits of a half day or more at Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Del Monte and San Jose. Three days will be spent in San Francisco during the encampment. A day will be spent in Portland on the return trip, and a complete tour of the Yellowstone Park, covering six days, returning directly to destination via Billings and Chicago, and arriving at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York August 31.

Round-trip rate, covering all expenses for twenty-six days, except three days spent in San Francisco $215; two in one berth, $200 each.

Round-trip rate, covering all expenses to Los Angeles, including transportation, meals in dining car and visits to Grand Canyon and Pasadena, and transportation only through California and returning to the east by October 15, via any direct route, including authorized stopovers $115; two in each berth $105 each. Returning via Portland $11 additional will be charged.

Rates from Pittsburg will be five dollars less in each case.

For full information apply to ticket agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Bits of Information.

When very thirsty and only a small amount of water is at hand drink with a spoon or through a small hole in the cork of a canteen. It will do as much good as when taken in large mouthfuls. Boil putrid water in charcoal before drinking. Indians purify all waters by plunging hot irons and rocks into them.

When an Indian is cold he builds a small fire and huddles over it. A white man builds a big fire and cannot get near it.

When you wish to roll up your shirt sleeves do not turn the cuffs inside out, but turn them inward or under, and they will remain tucked up without being touched.

When you want to climb a tree untie the feet with a dampened towel or raveled rope so that their distance apart shall be about two-thirds the diameter of the trunk.

Our large stock of Building Material is complete and the price is right.

HOLMES & GALLILLAN,
The Great Supply House.

McCormick Machines are the best in the world; terms and prices right. For sale by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa. June 17, 1903.-6t

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport. Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS,
SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

J. COLEGROVE.

New Cheese, New Potatoes, New Comb Honey, Fresh Eggs, Maple Sugar & Syrup, Quaker Oats, Mothers Oats, Banner Oats, Force, Malta Valta.

"IT"

Olive, Olive Oils, Solid Dressings, Mustards, Sardines

Flour has advanced about one dollar bbl. Our price is way down according to price of flour at will.

Try me for prompt delivery of your next order for groceries.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalish. ment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailors

Ghadwick Block. Smethport.

SUMMER TOGS.

You can't get used to that summer suit—so don't try.

The next best thing—get a thin suit—just coat and trousers—won't cost so much. Provide yourself with neat negligee shirt and belt and your dressed.

Fabrics for light suits are crash, flannel and serge. Price $8 to $10.

Boys wash suits are inexpensive at

50c. $1. $1.50.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

Queen Quality Shoes.

We give

Red Trading Stamps

also cash tickets which are redeemable in chinaware. Ask for them.

Wash Goods, Shirt Waists, and Dressing Sacques.

Remnant Sale of Wash Goods.

Ever since cotton dress goods began to sell last February, short ends and odd lengths have been accumulating until now we have enough to start the usual remnant sale. Remnant prices on everything, which means a great cut.

Silk Albatross	Regular price,	45c, now	34c.
Flemish Lace Stripe	" "	25c, "	18c.
Mercerized Lace Stripe	" "	35c, "	21c.
Embroid. Swiss Lawn	" "	25c, "	17½c.
Dotted Swiss Muslin	" "	18c, "	10c.
Silk Chambray	" "	25c, "	19c.
Corded Chambray	" "	18c, "	10c.

Women's Shirt Waists.

We are conducting at the present time a great sale of Women's Shirt Waists. It represents purchases from makers who closed us out lots at big reductions.

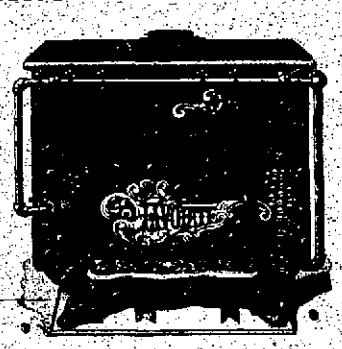
Pretty waists made of fine Lawn trimmed with val. lace, full Bishop sleeve and high stock collars. $1.50 Values - 98c.

Fine white Persian lawn waists broad stitched plaits and bands of insertion in front, Bishop sleeves and high stock collar. Worth $1.25 - 79c.

Dressing Sacques at Cut Prices.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.



Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 16, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bradford is to have a street fair next week.

—Read F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s new advertisement in this issue.

—If you have not been to the Olean races go to-morrow. It is the last day.

—A large party of young ladies enjoyed a summer sleighride last Friday evening.

—"Ike" Simons, the reliable clothier of Bradford, has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—Holmes & Gilfillan tell you about sharpening lawn mowers in their advertisement this week.

—Miss Rachel Mayo entertained a party of young ladies at tea on her lawn last Thursday afternoon.

—Ridgway is to have a big street fair, beginning July 27, for the benefit of the Elk County General Hospital.

—Bradford had another fizzle in the boxing line last Thursday night and consequently the sports are sore.

—John Dougherty of Bolivar had high score in the Bolivar sweepstake shoot, he making 103 out of a possible 200.

—The health officer is making a hustle to have everything in the line of refuse cleaned up as soon as possible.

—Mrs. W. H. Miller, who has been quite seriously ill from a hemorrhage following the pulling of a tooth, is much improved.

—Miss Walker and Miss Camp gave a watermelon party to a number of young ladies on the former's lawn yesterday afternoon.

—A large party of college students from different parts of the country have gone to the Kansas wheat fields to assist in the harvest. This is a boom for athletics in the right way.

—Patrick Sullivan, an employe of the Bradford street department, was found dead in the department's barn Monday morning. James Anglun found the man and his death came from acute alcoholism.

—Olean is about to enjoy a boom. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is making preparations to enlarge its shops in that place. About $2,000,000 will be spent in improvements and the monthly payroll, which is now $26,000, will be doubled.

—In speaking of the Port Allegany-Smethport base ball game played here on Wednesday of last week the Reporter in conclusion says: "The visitors were nicely used and royally entertained, the nine at the county seat being an aggregation of gentlemen.

—Joseph Schanes, Sr., of St. Marys was killed by a train on the P. & E. tracks on July 4th. He was 74 years of age and highly respected.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin gave a progressive angling party at her beautiful home Thursday afternoon to a number of young ladies in honor of Miss Caulder and Miss Forrest.

—Fred. Decker and Tom Connors broke a window and entered the store of H. Phillips in Bradford late Sunday night. They stole 18 watches and two revolvers. The police were notified and both men were captured.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have finished building two large wagons for Sparks' circus, which are a credit to any wagon making establishment. These wagons must be first-class for it is the second order they have filled for Mr. Sparks.

—The players in the Jamestown and Kane base ball teams who were arrested for playing ball on Sunday at Celoron were tried before a jury last week and discharged. The costs, which will amount to about $300, were placed on the prosecution.

—The following item will be an inducement for many people to read their bibles: Mrs. Charles Hardy of Hoboken, N. J., discovered in an old family bible, the other day, that she is one of the heirs to a $5,000,000 estate. If she had been more religious she would probably have been enjoying her fortune for some time past.

—What purports to be the greatest gold strike ever made in Colorado is heralded from the Wannita Hot Springs, in the Box Canon district, 28 miles east of Gunnison. The report of the rich find spread like wildfire, and hundreds of prospectors are swarming into the region and locating claims. The statement is made that the ore runs $1,500 to the ton.

—Again we have small-pox in Mt. Jewett, and again we know just how to go about handling the disease that it may not become epidemic. There is but one mild case at present, and from stringent measures taken by our local officials there is no likelihood of others developing. Mrs. Axel Engstrom is the sufferer and is supposed to have contracted the disease while visiting at Kane, where they have a number of cases.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The Kane Republican has the following to say of Daniel Crossmire, who has many friends here: "Not many men who have reached the age of ninety-three years are able to walk a half mile to witness a game of base ball. Grandpa Crossmire accomplished that feat Saturday afternoon and took as keen enjoyment in the game as many of the younger ones. When asked what he thought of the game, he said he did not think the visitors were very bright players, a sentiment which is heartily endorsed by all who witnessed the game.

The Rural Delivery Service.

A vast deal of nonsense has been written about the alleged prostitution of the rural free delivery service to personal and partisan ends. It has been charged that delivery routes have been lavishly established in Republican States and restricted in Democratic States; that they have been multiplied in the North and refused in the South; that they have been granted to favorites and denied to others, says the Philadelphia Press.

The official records refute these allegations. The rule of the Department has been to establish routes in response to petitions from the residents along the routes; to follow as nearly as practicable the rule of "first come first served;" and when the petitions began, as they soon did, to outrun the ability to keep up with them, to apportion the routes in about the general ratio of the petitions.

The latest official report which gives by States the total number of applications filed, the total number of routes established and the percentage of the latter to the former is that of 1901. The common allegation is that the three States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois had been specially favored. The report of 1901 shows that the percentage of routes established to applications filed was in Ohio 45 per cent.; in Indiana 54 per cent.; in Illinois 43 per cent. But the percentage was much larger in many other States. In California it was 74 per cent.; in Connecticut, 88; in Louisiana, 83; in Maryland 95; in New Jersey, 70; in Pennsylvania 81; in Vermont, 80; in New Hampshire, 75. The percentage in South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas was greater than in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

These three great Middle Western States have more routes than any others; but this is because their people earlier and more generally realized the advantage of rural delivery and put in more applications. But in proportion to applications many other States outstrip them in number of routes. Of course, members of Congress helped themselves by helping their people get free delivery just as they did by serving their interests in other ways, but the service was legitimate. The charge that the rural delivery was debased to political or personal ends is not well founded and no reason has been shown to doubt that its administration as a whole has been honest and faithful.

Death of Merrill Ward.

Merrill Ward, aged 19 years, died at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, at his boarding house, No. 94 Boylston street, after an illness of but three days duration with lockjaw. On July 4, while firing a toy pistol, one of the shots was accidentally discharged, the powder and wadding penetrating the palm of his left hand. The wound was cauterized shortly after the accident, but on Sunday the patient displayed signs of tetanus and suffered severely throughout the day. The anti-toxin treatment was resorted to, but all efforts to save the life of the patient proved unavailing, death relieving his sufferings at the above stated hour. Mrs. Z. Robinson of Belmont, N. Y., mother of the young man, arrived in the city shortly after his death. The deceased is spoken of as an industrious, exemplary young man and was held in high esteem by his friends and associates, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

Was in Hard Luck.

An employe of the American Express company, Earl Walters, was attacked by a dog this morning at 5 o'clock on Main street, and Walters drew a revolver and fired two shots at the dog. The animal was uninjured, but one of the bullets hit the pavement and bounded up against the $250 plate glass window in Cody & Gash's shoe store, breaking it. The second bullet also hit the pavement and bounded up against the window in a door in the Weaver hotel, breaking the glass. The plate glass window in Cody & Gash's store is insured with Paton & Wheeler's agency. Walters was arrested on the charge of violating a city ordinance in regard to discharging fire arms and he paid a fine of $5 and costs.—Bradford Star.

The Land and Improvement Co.

The Smethport Land and Improvement Company is offering a number of valuable lots for sale on Bank, Rutner and Nelson streets at prices which should attract those wishing to own a home in Smethport. These lots are located most desirably for residences and the prices range from $50 to $200 each. The payments are on easy terms, with but a small amount of cash at the time of purchase. The amount you are paying in rent now would buy you a comfortable home in from five to eight years. Guy McCoy will cheerfully explain prices, terms, etc., to anyone who wishes such information.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

Ask to See

Myers' Hay Tools, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes or anything in that line at Holmes & Gilfillan's, The Great Supply House.

Use Thornton & Chester's "Best" and Pure Gold flour. "The Breadmakers." For sale only by

THE GALLUP GROCERY CO.

For Sale

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage, robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

The Gallup Grocery Co. give Yellow Trading Stamps with every cash purchase.

Poultry netting at J. C. Hamlin's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Nels Berg of Newark was a visitor in town Monday.

Rev. G. H. Patterson is in Detroit, Mich., this week.

W. H. Humberford was in Olean on business yesterday.

Frank Andrews returned from a trip to Buffalo last evening.

Mrs. J. Heber McCandless is sojourning in the White mountains.

Asa Sherer and John Cunningham have returned from Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hugg are visiting in Bellevernon and Pittsburg.

James McNulty of Buffalo is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hunter returned last evening from a visit to Olean.

George Gerritt and Samuel Bloomberg were Olean visitors yesterday.

Herman Grube of Buffalo, N. Y., has been visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Heiner of Washington, D. C., are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Mayme Colegrove returned Monday from a two weeks' visit with friends in Elmira, N. Y.

Jacob Hafner of Clermont was a visitor in town Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Miss Verna Hafner and Mrs. John Youmans left Wednesday for a two weeks' visit in New York.

Hamlin Bosworth of New York is spending the summer with his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin.

Mrs. Folger, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, left Tuesday for her home in Geneva, N. Y.

W. V. Provin and Will Provin, Jr., are visiting friends in town. Mr. Provin has been suffering from rheumatism for some time but is much improved.

D. C. Young is spending the week in the Adirondack mountains, the guest of his son, Dr. F. R. Young, who is there on an extended visit for his health.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Spangle and son of Munson, Pa., and Miss Lenore Spangle of Huntingdon, Pa., have been the guests of William Hafner and family for the past few days.

J. P. Campbell of Pittsburg, who has been spending his vacation with his parents at this place, left on Saturday for Chicago where he assumes management for a large drug firm.

Henry Torrence left Saturday for Punxsutawney, where he will be the guest of relatives for two weeks. From there he will go west and take up a timber claim near Spokane, Wash. Mr. Torrence has made many friends here both in a business and social way who will regret his departure, but all wish him the best of success.

American Girl Made an Empress.

A dispatch from Appleton, Wis., dated July 11, says: A letter from Tokio, Japan, received to-day tells of the dignity recently bestowed upon Emily Brown, the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary of that place who has just been raised to the rank of Empress of Korea. The letter tells of the ceremonies and the proclamation issued by the Emperor of the Oriental land and by special dispensation providing that the American Empress shall retain her American name of Emily. The Empress Emily attracted the attention of the Emperor by her singing; she indignantly rejected his offer to make her head of his harem and appealed to the European government for protection. The Emperor, not discouraged, then pleased with the girl to become his wife and she has accepted in the hope of Christianizing the country.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Norwich township, on or about June 26, 1903, a red and white yearling heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges; otherwise it will be disposed of according to laws governing estrays.

FRANK STRANSBURG,
Colegrove, Pa.

A hand sprayer, 3 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 3d story.

J. C. HAMLIN.

An endless variety of cakes and crackers at

The Gallup Grocery Co.'s store.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

THE CLARION

State Normal School.

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers. Prepares young people for college and offers excellent facilities for general education.

FREE TUITION for prospective teachers. Board, room rent and laundry for full term, 16 weeks, $49. Fall term opens Sept. 7, 1903.

For further particulars call on or address

SAMUEL WEIR, Ph. D., Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

Founded in 1815. Good Traditions, Strong Faculty; Unsurpassed Location, Reasonable Expenses. New Observatory, New Chapel, New Library, New Professorships, and largely increased Endowment. Fall Term Opens September 15th. For Catalogue and Information, write to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS — BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS — CARPETS — MEN'S FURNISHINGS

SUMMER GOODS

PRICES NEARLY HALVED

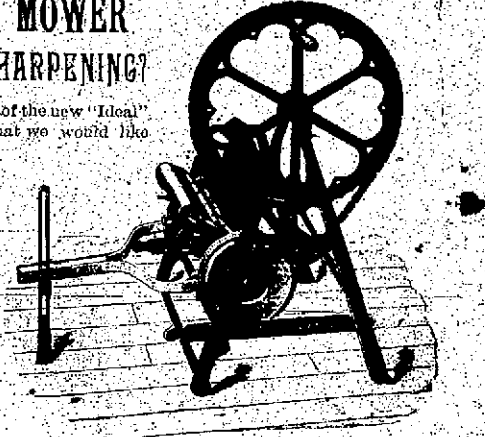
Yellow Trading Stamps to Boot.

To put ginger into the July selling we offer this week remarkable values in worthy summer merchandise. Many of these specials were bought much under price just for this sale and are very desirable goods. We give actual original selling prices so it's easy for you to figure the saving in every instance.

50c Plain and Fancy Silk Mulls 28 inch.	Special @	29c
18c Lace Stripe Chambray 32 inch.	Special @	12 1-2c
100 Summer Net Corsets. Good styles.	Special @	75c
150 Shirt Waist Suits. Size 36 only.	Special @	$1.00
200 " "	Special @	1.50
25c Jersey Ribbed Under Waists for children. These have slight imperfections, scarcely perceptible in most cases. In no instance is the wearing quality impaired. They have good bone buttons and are well taped. 275 in the lot. Sizes 1 to 17 years.	Special @	10c
Cambric Under Waists for children, sizes 21 to 27.	Special @	10c

FRY & HERZOG.

YOUR LAWN MOWER DOES IT NEED SHARPENING?



We have in operation one of the new "Ideal" Lawn Mower Sharpeners that we would like to have you examine before you have your mower sharpened again. There is nothing like it on the market. By its use each blade is sharpened with the utmost exactitude, the bevel on the knives being kept at the same degree all along. Every inaccuracy is taken out, a perfect "clearance" given the blades, and all done "while you wait" to see the fun.

More good mowers are spoiled by bunglesome sharpening than by the work they are intended to do. There's no "guesswork" about the Ideal—it is simply accurate to a hair.

BRING YOUR CRANKY MOWERS TO OUR

"Remedial Institute for Disabled Lawn Mowers"

and have 'em properly doctored, and a cure guaranteed.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an eleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

CENTRAL

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. FLICKINGER,
PRINCIPAL.

The fall term opens September 7, 1903.

Free tuition to prospective teachers.

This high grade training school was never in better condition than now. The enrollment last year exceeded six hundred. Biological and chemical laboratories have recently been added. Fine gymnasium and athletic field. Sanitary conditions unexcelled. A large faculty of trained specialists. The school also contains a college preparatory department, business department and departments of elocution and music. The expenses are lower than those of any other institution of equal rank. Address for catalogue the Principal.

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Don't neglect that Sore Throat. Go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of

OZOLINE

The best family remedy in the world for *Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Hoarseness* and all diseases of the throat. A sure preventative of *Diphtheria* — a certain remedy for *Quinsy*—Cure guaranteed or money refunded. *At all druggists, 25 & 50 cents*

OZO REMEDY CO.
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Buy a

Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.

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C. A. BURDICK.

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

LOLITA

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.

Half way between the fort and the Arizona border lies Lindell's Rest. It is a low wooden building, dull yellow like the sun baked plains around, and there isn't even a cactus sprout to cast a shadow near it.

Saturday night at Lindell's is a thing to dream of evermore once one has lived through it—the crazy, witching Mexican music; the dancers with their lithe, southern grace; the violet smoke rings curling over all; Lindell himself, tall and thin, with his happy eyes and everlasting cigarette—and Lolita.

She was seventeen the summer Lindell came to San Luis; a slim Mexican girl, with long lashed, teasing eyes of velvety brown and dusky hair curling around her small, piquant face.

Lindell was merely a gentleman tramp in those days, one of the crowd of boys who drift here and there once the spirit of the gypsy is upon them, accomplishing nothing, caring for nothing, but happy and true hearted and quick to lend a helping hand when a call comes. He and Ted Norris came down together, with plenty of gelt, but neither cash nor credit except at the low, yellow-half way house where old Manuelo kept open inn with his daughter, Lolita.

Those things happen of themselves—moonlight on the little rough veranda, Lolita singing comical little snatches of American songs in her soft, broken English, under Lindell's tutelage, with her small brown fingers playing lightly on her mandolin:

"I can't tell why I love you, but I do-o-o-o
There lotta girl in town so sweet like you-o-o-o,
But there something I can't tell,
Seem to tole-me in it spell,
I can't tell, why I love you, but I do-o-o-o."

Lindell would smoke and smoke and look up at her as she sang, lazy and happy and full of a joyous, don't care irresponsibility that comes to one somehow, with the climate down there, and the music and the white, strange moonlight.

One Saturday Lindell and Norris rode away to town, seventeen miles away, with a promise to return in time for the dance. Lolita watched them out of sight, and Manuelo laughed when he heard her singing. She was the prettiest girl this side the border. The American boys were cheery eyed and young and quick to laugh. If they loved, why not? There were the house and a good bunch of money when he was gone, and little Lolita would sing evermore. He smiled shrewdly. Maybe, perhaps, quien sabe?

At 7 the mail coach from San Luis drew up at the yellow house, and a girl alighted. Lolita was firing a hot shot of smiles and repartee at the driver, Billie Slogan, when she saw her and stopped short. The stranger was fair and blue eyed, and, though the Indian summer day had been hot and dusty, she looked cool and charming.

Lolita was dressed for the dance. She wore yellow and had wound a long red silk scarf about her shoulders, crossed it and tied it below her waist on one hip. Billie had just told her she looked like one of the little dark red roses the ladies wear in their hair over at San Luis on the plaza when she caught sight of this other girl, and she hoped Lindell would not see her. There was a difference.

Mr. Lindell and Mr. Norris? Oh, yes. Lolita told her. They were living there. They had gone for a ride, just a short ride. She brought a chair out on the verandah and talked with the stranger after the coach had gone. She called Lindell Allan, this girl, and Norris Ted, and she hoped they would return soon.

"You have not seen him for a long time, yes?" said Lolita, her eyes full of a half frightened suspicion.

"Not for a year," said the other softly. "We had only been married a few months when he went away. It seemed better, you know. He was so young, and he thought he could make a fortune out here. I guess he hasn't, though."

Lolita laughed. It was comical to think of Lindell making a fortune or anything else. It was growing dark, and already a few couples had made their appearance and passed indoors, with a gay greeting to Manuelo's daughter. The strange girl looked at them curiously.

"It is the dance," said Lolita shortly, resenting the amused surprise in the other's eyes. She would show her she was not afraid to speak his name as she had. "Allain, he like to dance lots with me."

"Yes?" The stranger looked at her kindly. "I do not wonder at it. You are a dear, with those big brown eyes. And the other—does he dance too?"

"Who—Ted? No, no. He is not one bit like Lindell. He is still and all way off somewhere. He never care to dance."

The music had begun, and the blue eyed girl rose hesitatingly. "I wish I could go and meet them. I want to surprise him, you know. Could I?"

Lolita rose, too, in quick, hot anger. They would meet, and he would take her in his arms and kiss her. She thought of last night and the night before and the nights before for weeks. Was it for this Lindell had sung and laughed with her and told her her lips were the sweetest in all the world? Suddenly she looked at the fair, calm face beside her, and a flood of wild, unreasoning jealousy swept over her. She pointed southward.

"If you walk that way straight on to where the ground dips and the cacti grow tall, you will meet them," she told her. "It is only a short way. You cannot miss them. It is only two or three miles to the next house, and they may have stopped there."

After the girl had gone she went in to the dance, laughing, with the lie fresh on her lips. There was no house for thirty miles that way, and once she had passed the giant cacti she would go down into Death valley, that terrible wilderness where only the snakes and the Gila monsters and tarantulas could dwell in safety. One night spent there, and Lindell might call and cry for his wife in vain.

Never was there such a dance at Manuelo's as that Saturday night. Lolita danced and sang with feverish gayety, her eyes ever on the door, watching for Lindell. Then suddenly, at the very height of the merriment, she was missed. Out into the clear, bright night she went silently to the shed where the horses stood, and, choosing her own rough little mustang, she mounted and rode away toward Death valley.

If Lindell loved this fair, blue eyed girl, he would hate her for sending her to her death. The thought terrified her. Anything but his hate, she thought; anything but the look in his eyes when he knew. And was it not right? She was fair like him and gentle voiced. She was not a Mexican girl to smoke a cigarette with and sing to in the moonlight and laugh when her love was won.

She caught her breath in deep sobs, and the tears fell on the mustang's brown neck as she urged him on over the miles that lay between them and the valley, and at last there were the giant cacti ahead, guarding the entrance to the valley like grim sentinels. She turned toward them bravely, but before the mustang had gone a dozen paces past them he reared and backed away from something that lay upon the ground.

Lolita knelt and caught her breath as her hand touched the hand of the strange girl. It was warm, and she raised her head upon her lap. The blue eyes opened wonderingly.

"It was such a long way, and I could not find them," she said faintly. "You did not know it was so far, did you?"

Lolita pressed a kiss on the hand she held. It was a white, dainty hand. No wonder Lindell loved it. She helped her up to the saddle, and with one arm around her for support she guided the mustang back over the long stretches of sand and sun baked alkali on through the night until the lights at Manuelo's showed like fireflies against the sapphire darkness of the skies.

Manuelo could tell you the rest—how the two Americans returned at midnight, and just as they were to lead the search for Lolita there came the three figures through the moonlight, and Lolita fell at Lindell's feet.

"I bring her back to you," she said pleadingly. But it was Norris who sprang to the stranger's side with a glad cry, and Lindell held the Mexican girl in his arms there before them all and told her she was all to all to him.

So that is why it is Lindell's Rest now, and if you stop there on your way to the fort, or to San Luis' old, Manuelo will tell you how it happened over a little glass of the deep red Mexican wine he loves and bid you shake hands with his handsome son-in-law. And if you are courteous and pleasant Lolita will flash a smile up at you from under her long, dark lashes.

And Lindell? He is perfectly happy and full of a gay, careless content that comes but seldom to a man in this world. It comes with the moonlight and the music down there—and Lolita.

The Way It Goes.

"I was over at Allegash the other day for the first time in four years," said the Kohack philosopher, just a bit sarcastically, "and I found my nephew Luther and his estimable wife still squabbling over the same question they were quarreling about when I was there before. The only change that I was able to detect was that, while in the first place they appeared to know what they were jangling about, by this time they seemed to have forgotten what the original bone of contention was, and they were quarreling monotonously along without any way of knowing when they had finished.

"Well, when my appearance interrupted them Luther was startled to see how much thinner I had grown in four years, and his wife was astonished at the way I had grown fat. And if it they went, quarreling over that, and the original question was shelved for good and all. I came away feeling amply repaid for taking the trip. It is a satisfaction to know that you have done a helpful act, and I expect I did them a great favor by breaking the monotony and giving them something fresh to wrangle over."—Smart Set.

Hospitable Pat.

A certain sportsman took a shooting in Ireland. He was assured that it was a good sporting territory. When he arrived this was corroborated by the head keeper, a typical Paddy. The latter declared that the country fairly bristled with pheasants. So they went out after them and in a day put up five. The next day the tenant inquired after partridges and was told the same tale. The shoot yielded about six. Woodcock, grouse, capercailzie and every kind of game. Paddy told "his honner," were as thick as leaves in autumn, but they could not be found. At last he said angrily: "Are there many rhinoceroses on the estate?" "Shure, yer honner," drawled Pat very slowly, "not many, not many," but brightening up, "you may put up two or three round the lake in the summer." Long before the summer, of course, the tenancy would be at an end. "You confounded rascal!" roared the tenant. "What do you mean by telling me all these lies?" "Shure," said Pat, with a true Hibernian grin, "an' wouldn't I be givin' yer honner a pleasant answer?"—London Tatler.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

After Charity Came Love

By Mary Wood

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.

As the doors of the Van Tassel mansion swung open the sweet, high soprano of children's voices reached Irving Ogden's ear. Mingled with it were the rhythmic beats of a rollicking two step. It set the young man's blood to dancing.

"Cousin Mary's fandango is in full swing," he said to himself. "Now for an afternoon of real enjoyment to offset the stupidity of that dinner tonight. Oh, there she is now!" And he threaded his way skillfully around the long drawing room to where little Mrs. Van Tassel was as busy as the proverbial old woman in the shoe.

She beamed at the broad shouldered fellow as she said delightedly: "Oh, Irving, it is awfully good of you to stop in and see how things are going! I thought you were joking when you said you would come."

"I, YOU SEE, AM STILL VERY SMALL."

Irving laughed. "Have you so little faith in my word, cousin?" he said lightly. "The truth is I am often envious of children and am only too honored to be allowed to share some of their good times, and then I thought it would be a good chance to get better acquainted with some of my young cousins. I have been away so long that they have grown out of all ken. There's Tina, now, the fairy. I must beg her for a waltz. If grownups are not debarred from the floor. But, I say, look at that little maiden in red! She fairly sweeps her partner along. Who would think that she could ever grow into the ah of boredom incumbent on a society belle? What a pity it is that she cannot stay as she is?"

Mrs. Van Tassel smiled in an absent fashion. She was more concerned with the problem of making every bashful Tom, Dick and Harry do his duty manfully and in seeing that no little miss lasted thus early the pangs of being a wallflower.

Irving, however, waited for no answer, but ran on cheerfully. "What dandy music you have! I'll just stroll off and hunt me up a partner, for I can't resist it."

As he turned he glanced carelessly up at the tiny balcony, expecting to see some long haired, spectacled musician presiding at the grand piano. He started, for instead he saw a slender figure swaying lightly over the keys, a delicate profile, with red lips parted in a smile, and gold bronze hair brushing a flushed cheek. "Cecilia herself!" he murmured. "But I must have a nearer view of the sweet saint."

* * * * * * * *

The strings still reverberated with the last sounding chord. Anice leaned back with a little sigh. It was very warm and more exhausting than she had expected. Would she have time, she wondered, to go down for a drink between dances?

"Pardon, mademoiselle," a pleasant voice said courteously. She turned a startled face. Ah! It was the young man whom she had noticed talking to Mrs. Van Tassel. She had wondered vaguely whom he might be.

"I am Mrs. Van Tassel's cousin," he said; "and I thought you might like something cool to drink."

Anice stretched out her hand eagerly. "I'm not mademoiselle," she laughed, "only plain 'miss.' But I have been wishing for something to drink, and it was very kind of you to think of it."

Irving's eyes twinkled as he answered gravely: "Pardon my mistake. But are not all musicians 'madam' or 'mademoiselle?'"

The girl glanced up at him saucily. "That is only after they become great," she said, with decision, "and I, you see, am still very small." She stood up. Yes, she barely came to his shoulder.

"You have new standards of measurement," he retorted gayly. "When I heard you play, I was numbering you among those elect—even as St. Cecilia herself."

She shook her head soberly. "I am not—I never will be—a real musician."

"Then what are you? What do you do?" he persisted.

The girl flushed guiltily. "I—I play accompaniments," she faltered.

"And I," he said boldly, "sing. Will you play my accompaniments some time?" She smiled in enigmatical fashion.

"Perhaps," she murmured. "But see—they are looking up here. It is time to play again. You must go down. Yes," as she met the look of refusal on his face, "you must indeed."

"But I will see you again," he protested. "I must see you."

Again she smiled. "Perhaps."

* * * * * * * *

Irving Ogden stood rather moodily in a corner of his aunt's drawing room. What a bore dinner parties were anyway, he said to himself. That was the nuisance of visiting. You had to meet such a slew of people for whom you did not care a hang, while the one you wanted to meet kept out of the way.

From which it may be seen that Mr. Ogden was in no pleasant frame of mind. The events of the afternoon still rankled. He had hastened up to the balcony after the last dance only to find St. Cecilia vanished as if by magic, and Mrs. Van Tassel could not or would not tell him anything about her.

As the remembrance of a tantalizing smile came back to him he cursed himself for his stupidity. He might at least have asked her her name, while now—

His aunt's voice recalled his duties as a guest. "Irving, let me introduce Miss Corbyn, your dinner partner."

He turned courteously and found himself looking down into a pair of laughing blue eyes. "Mademoiselle you?" he stammered.

"I am very glad to meet you again—Mr. Irving Ogden," Anice said demurely.

"But tell me what it all means," he implored when they were safely started on the first course and sparingly screened by the rose branches which formed the center table decoration.

"It means," she answered serenely, "that I did it for charity. You see, I was trying to wheedle some money out of Fred, my brother, for my poor children at the home. He was fussing me, and he said it was all very well to talk when I never gave a dollar that I had earned myself. He bet me a cool hundred that I could not earn even five. Then Mrs. Van Tassel's music disappointed her at the last moment, and I heard about it, and she promised not to tell. So I won my bet and earned $20 as well as Fred's hundred. And the children will have an object joyful Christmas," she finished triumphantly.

"And you did it all for charity," he said softly. "I wonder if you would do something for me for charity. You remember what I asked you about the accompaniments?" He looked at her eagerly.

Anice dropped her lashes and a wave of color crept up to meet them. "Perhaps," she murmured.

And she did, but it was for love.

Society and Evolution.

"Society" is a comparatively recent and almost local phenomenon. Its ancestor in Europe was feudalism—the fighting men, the natural aristocracy, on one side and their victims and serfs on the other. Today, the traders and financiers, grown rich, occupy the castles of their late baron masters and sport their titles, though a remnant of the genuine nobles still survives, terrible examples of what happens to a generation that has outlived its era. But the physical force regime, while it lasted, stood on a sounder and juster foundation than does the money power at present in possession and the latter will hardly last as long as the former did. It is, I repeat, comparatively local as well as recent. It could exist only in countries given up as the prey of Europe and America to industrialism. Nevertheless the world may still offer living examples of society in all its stages, from the most primitive to that which now passes. Africa and Asia has each its social organization, and so have the Marquesas, Patagonia and Eskimoland.—Smart Set.

Emerson's Courtesy.

When Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was a little girl she was monitor at the Hancock school in Boston, and it was her duty to answer the door. One rainy day the bell rang and she found at the door a tall, thin man, with a dripping umbrella, who inquired for the principal. She was just at the boisterous and disrespectful age, but there was something about this visitor which so impressed her that she led him in as politely as if he had been a prince, placed a chair for him by the fire, relieved him of his wet coat and umbrella and, after she had started to leave the room, came back to draw a fire screen between him and the blaze for fear he would find it too hot. She afterward expressed to her teacher some surprise at the unwonted civilities she had felt impelled to show the stranger. He answered: "Ah, that was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that is the effect he has upon everybody. He is so courteous himself that it calls out the latent courtesy in all others."

Which Leg?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident.

As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered.

A few months afterward the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in an accident.

Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife in discussing the matter with a neighbor was overheard saying:

"It's a gey bad business for Paul puir man, but is't his ain leg or the leg that belangs to the toon that's broken?"

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodger.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Harris, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeith.
Council—Alfred Hogbery, president; Miss Tavia Rasmer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. P. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Jenkins.
Inspectors of Election—G. H. Burlingame, E. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
F. R. DAVIS, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keeks Hall.
Z. S. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 P. M.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MILLIE T. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday. Warrior's degree 2nd Monday. Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord Re Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. Connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.
Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 124, week days..... 7:12 p. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:50 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:05 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 9:33 p. m., Baltimore 7:05 p. m., Washington 8:30 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:05 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (1:33 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 67, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
8 35	Ridgway	12 or
8 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 26
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 28	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	12 50
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:20 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 12:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.
Trains leave smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south; and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 4 for Warren, Irvington Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points. Connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m. and 9:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address R. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. E. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Tab 6 No 19. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 21, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
		1:00	Stuff'r Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:10	
3:07	1:30	2:28	Ft. Pleasant	7:30	11:38	5:00
3:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:26	11:35	4:57
3:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:20	11:28	4:51
3:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson	7:23	11:32	4:50
3:23	2:02	8:42	Comes	7:18	11:27	4:45
3:31	2:05	8:50	Smethport	7:10	11:19	4:37
			Lv.		Ar.	
3:51	1:25	9:14	Smethport	7:26	11:40	5:00
3:56	2:37	9:26	Mull n	7:00	11:16	4:34
4:00	2:50	9:30	Farmers Valley	7:05	11:07	4:29
4:20	2:55	9:50	Curry ville	7:00	11:00	4:15
4:30	3:00	9:40	Larabee	6:50	10:50	4:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt.
C. E. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 16, 1903.

Ar. Eastward A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS Dp.	Ar. P. M.	Lv Westward A. M.	P. M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	2.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Rd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.23	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.06	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.02	1.12	Frink	8.12	3.19	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt.	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.39	7.16	11.47	Bartville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.33	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.29	0	0	Chemung	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.26	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.50	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.
E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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TOM JONES, COWBOY

.....By C. B. LEWIS

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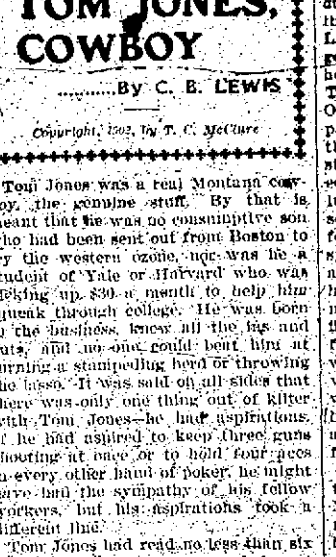
Tom Jones was a real Montana cowboy, the genuine stuff. By that is meant that he was no consumptive son who had been sent out from Boston to try the western ozone, nor was he a student of Yale or Harvard who was picking up $30 a month to help him squeak through college. He was born to the business, knew all the ins and outs, and no one could beat him at turning a stampeding herd or throwing the lasso. It was said on all sides that there was only one thing out of kilter with Tom Jones—he had aspirations. If he had aspired to keep three guns shooting at once or to hold four aces in every other hand of poker, he might have had the sympathy of his fellow workers, but his aspirations took a different line.

Tom Jones had read no less than six different accounts of eastern heiresses coming out west on a visit and falling in love with and marrying cowboys. Cowboys had saved them from robbers, Indians, stampedes and prairie fires, and their natural gratitude had resulted in love and marriage. What had happened once might happen again. Tom's aspirations, then, ran to heiresses. He was expecting one along any day in the week and was always prepared to carry out his part of the contract.

Even an heiress may come to him who waits, and in due time, when her engagements permitted, Miss Griscomb, from New York, paid a visit to relatives at Taylor's ranch. Tom had heard of her beauty and what a pile of money her old dad had in the bank within twenty-four hours after her arrival. It was now up to him to bring in the heroics and start things going. He got out his Sunday togs and greased his hair as a beginning.

Nor was the labor thrown away. He had hardly set forth on a hunt for



POOR TOM HAD TO GRAB THE TAIL OF THE GIRL'S HORSE.

stray steers when far across the plains he saw the object of his aspirations. The broncho on whose back she was seated had stopped to indulge in the wild west business of bucking and jumping, and Tom imagined that he could hear terror stricken shouts from the rider. It was all imagination, however. When he had reached her side after a furious burst of speed and begged the privilege of saving her life, she quietly replied:

"Please don't interfere. I rather enjoy the change."

Tom Jones was nonplused, but he waited. In the course of two or three days Dutch Pete broke loose on one of his quarterly jamborees. Dutch Pete kept the doggery at Dead Man's Corners, and when he started out to clean up the state he kept his two guns red hot. Tom figured that it would be on the bills for Pete to bear Miss Griscomb away into the mountains, and he hovered along the Fort Wingate road as her protecting angel. His figures turned out to be way off. Miss Griscomb and Dutch Pete met one morning at the crossing of Lime Wolf creek, and when the cowboy came up the terror had his hands raised, and the girl had a gun on line with his eye. She thanked Mr. Jones very kindly for the interest he exhibited, but she really couldn't think of putting him to any particular trouble.

Then Tom Jones prayed for a cloudburst. Lame Wolf creek had its rise up in the mountains. At 9 o'clock of a summer morning it might be a mere rivulet crossing the stage road. An hour later a flood wave six feet high might be booming down as the result of a cloudburst up among the peaks. The burst came as prayed for. Miss Griscomb was on the west side of the creek when caught by the flood, and all escape seemed cut off when the cowboy came tearing around Bull bend to rescue her. Three minutes later the girl was rescuing him. His bronchio got tangled up with a mass of driftwood and was drowned, and poor Tom had to grab the tail of the girl's horse and take a tow to the bank.

"You had better go home and change your clothes, and I hope you will be more careful in future," was all the thanks he got as the heiress rode away and left him to hang himself up to dry.

Tom Jones felt that he had made a failure of it thus far, but he hoped for a stampede to change things. In one of the stories he had read a cowboy had saved an heiress from a stampede and won her undying love in ten minutes. There were 5,000 steers covering the plain between Taylor's ranch and Lame Wolf creek. If they would only get a move on them at the right time, he would be there to do the hero's part. The steers were cheerfully willing. One morning soon after the heiress had passed down the road they lowered their heads, threw up their tails and stampeded. The move was not expected by the cowboy, but by great good luck he was on hand to mix in. It seems the easiest thing in the world for a hero to cut across the front of a stampeding herd of steers and snatch an heiress from her saddle and bear her away to safety and win her eternal gratitude, but Tom Jones didn't find it so in practice. As a matter of fact, he was rolled in the dust and walked on in a shameful manner, while the heiress saved herself, and when the herd had passed she helped him to find the remains of his hat and advised him to go home and keep quiet for a few days to avoid nervous fever.

There was only one more hope for the cowboy hero. If he could rescue Miss Griscomb from a prairie fire all might yet be well. A drunken Indian brought things about as he wished. It wasn't an overgrown spectacular display as far as flames went, but there was a heap of smoke and a grand opportunity for yelling, and in due time Tom Jones started in on his work of rescue. While he was dashing through the billows of smoke and frantically calling upon the heiress to be saved she had already saved herself, and it cut him to the quick to have her remark as he finally rode up to her that she didn't like the smell of singed hair. The cowboy had played his last card, and, weary and hopeless, he sought out the Diogenes of the flock and stated his case.

"My son," said the old man when he had heard the story, "did you ever hear the saying of 'up to date?'"

"Of course. I'm there myself."

"And there lies the cause of your failure. Miss Griscomb is more up to date as a girl than you are as a man. You had better stop making a fool of yourself and bustle those steers around."

A Surprised Bore.

The late Justice Carter of the supreme court of the District of Columbia used to relate an incident of a Philadelphia man who called at the White House so frequently and took up so much of President Lincoln's time that the latter finally lost his patience. One day when the gentleman was particularly verbose and persistent, and refused to leave, although he knew that important delegations were waiting, Lincoln arose, walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the cabinet chamber and took a bottle from a shelf. Looking gravely at his visitor, whose head was very bald, he remarked:

"Did you ever try this stuff for your hair?"

"No, sir; I never did."

"Well," remarked Lincoln, "I advise you to try it, and I will give you this bottle. If at first you don't succeed try, try again. Keep it up. They say it will make hair grow on a pumpkin. Now take it and come back in eight or ten months and tell me how it works."

The astonished Philadelphian left the room instantly without a word, carrying the bottle in his hand, and Judge Carter, coming in with the next delegation, found the president doubled up with laughter at the success of his strategy. Before he could proceed to business the story had to be told.—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

Athens Saved by Poetry.

When (B. C. 404) after a heroic struggle Athens, the "City of the Violet Crown," was captured by Lysander there were not wanting clamorous voices to urge that the city whose lust for empire had brought such woes on Greece ought to be laid level with the ground.

The Spartan general at first lent a willing ear to his powerful allies, but while the council was still debating this momentous issue a plaintive voice was heard from the city walls chanting those noble lines from the "Electra" of Euripides, that most human of the poets of Greece, in which the heroine contrasts her fallen lot with the splendid exploits of her father, who had dismantled the towers of Troy.

Lysander bent his head and pondered on fortune's cruel reverses. Triumphant as Agamemnon, who could tell but that he might be reserved for a fate as cruel? The lesson of moderation was accepted. Athens was saved.

Milton has immortalized this dramatic event in one of his best known sonnets:

The repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

Language Was Not Needed.

"I don't see how the count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French."

"Oh, it was very easy! We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which, with the other figure, meant $10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant $100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to $1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it $10,000,000. Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms and—and, oh, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real countess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SCIENCE AND OLD AGE.

Man Should Live Long Enough to Welcome, Not Dread, Death.

From twenty to fifty a man should live for himself and his family, from fifty to 100 for science and humanity and after a hundred for the state. Honored, useful, in full possession of all his faculties at sixscore years and ten the graybeard of the approaching future will be among the most enviable of mankind, for the fear of death is an aberration.

The fact is that only one man in a million at present dies a natural death. We should live till 140 years of age. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his days, and he unconsciously resents being deprived of the fifty years or so which nature owes him. Leave him a little longer and in due time he will desire to die, as a child at dusk desires to sleep. The sandman will pass.

All our lastingers drop from us one by one. The child cries for mother's milk. The idea of such an ailment is repugnant to the adult. The desires for sweets, for play, for love and lovemaking, for long walks and adventures are all impulses that have their day and pass, and the wish to live is an instinct which fails also with satiety. Only at present none of us lives long enough to be satiate with days.—Professor Metchnikoff's "Studies in Human Nature."

The Day After.

It is a strange omission that the day after, supreme and epoch making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

De Quincey, in his powerful bit of word painting entitled "The Knocking at the Gate," dwells on the thought that in "Macbeth" the climax of the tragedy, the moment most truly fraught with terror, is not the one in which occurs the murder of Duncan or when the guilty pair nerve themselves for its accomplishment, but the moment when the first knocking at the gate is heard. With that summons from without comes an instant and terrible realization of what has taken place. In that moment of horror is condensed all the meaning of past crime and future retribution as in a lightning flash.

The magnitude of what has happened cannot be measured until the first touch of reflection has been felt. We cannot tell what has really occurred till the day after.—Atlantic.

Too Small to Obey.

When a certain couple were married the wife was sixteen years old and big and buxom. The husband was two years her senior, but slim to thinness and not up to the average in height. Ten years passed, and the couple got along as well as many couples do, but the wife was hard to manage. With the flight of time she became larger, while her theoretical lord and master added not an inch to his stature nor an ounce to his weight. One day he wanted her to do something, and she refused, at first quietly, then vehemently and finally explosively. "I'll not do it," she declared, "and I'd like to see you make me."

"But, Maria," expostulated her husband, "when you married me didn't you promise to obey me?"

"I did," she replied. Then, sizing up his diminutive proportions, she added, "But I expected you'd grow."

How to Make Fine Woods.

Farmers in the White mountains have discovered, or learned what farmers elsewhere are slow to ascertain. It is that if you lop off the lower limbs of balsams when they are young the limbs will not grow again. Thus the tree as lumber will be improved. It will be freer of knots.

Certain hotel owners, desiring pine lands near their hotels on account of healthfulness, asked a government forester how to get them. The reply was: "Cut off the hard woods, then turn the cattle in to pasture for three years. That will keep down the shoots of the hard woods, and the pines, which cattle avoid, will grow up, and their needles will keep down other growths."

Tricky Dynamite.

"Perhaps nothing is more uncertain in the line of accidents than dynamite," said a dealer in the dangerous stuff. "You might drop a cartridge out of your hand, and it would explode and tear your body to atoms. Another cartridge taken out of the same case might be hurled from the top of a tall building and would land on the pavement like so much harmless wax, to be ground up under the wheels of heavy trucks and to be exploded with frightful havoc by the soft cushion tire of a bicycle."

Painful.

"As a general thing," says a lawyer, "one doesn't expect to find a sense of humor in the employees of a prison. Yet I know of a rather catchy reply made by a prison guard to the query of a visitor whether the existence of the guards was not a painful one.

"'Painful!' echoed the guard. 'I should say it was when you consider what a number of felons we have on our hands.'"

An Ingenious Woman.

The limit of masculine humiliation has been worked in the case of a Wichita man. His wife makes him wear tucks in the sleeves of his nightgowns, trimmed with pink ribbon so that the baby won't know the difference when he walks the floor with it in the night.—Kansas City Journal.

Quaint Logic.

A bit of reasoning a la mode de Dumas ascribed to Rossini, "I don't like spinach, and it is very fortunate I don't, because if I did like it I should eat it, and I can't endure it."

HIS CARE of BELINDA

By S. T. STERN

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"Good morning, Nathan. Bound for town?"

"Yep. I'm goin' to court. This mornin', you know, the will of my poor dear brother Abel comes up for probate."

Blythe Dunton sniffed. "Poor dear brother, eh? You know you hope he wasn't poor, and as long as he lived he certainly wasn't dear. You hated him worse'n poison, and he hated you worse'n that. I am on my way to court too. Dessay I ain't far wrong in sayin' there's a little surprise in store for you, Nathan Darley. Eh, Belinda?"

Belinda did not answer, but trudged along, quietly swishing her remnant of a tail and waving her long ears. Belinda, you see, was a donkey—gray, old and dignified—and in her Nathan at once recognized a former possession of his deceased relative.

"You'll be tellin' me presently," said Nathan, with fine sarcasm, "that my brother left his property to that lame ole mule."

"No, I won't," said Blythe sententiously. "You'll find it out soon enough without my tellin' you. Your brother had to leave his property to some donkey, you'll admit. Maybe he preferred one he loved to one he didn't."

Old Judge Smith had taken his place when they arrived at the courthouse.

"Will of Abel Darley, formerly of Baslow Heath," called one of the clerks, and two lawyers stepped forward to the counsel table. Nathan's representative, James Burroughs, who labored under the local pseudonym of "Screw Jim," was first. He was closely followed by Ged Smith, brother to the judge, and proponent of the document.

The crowd leaned forward in rapt attention as the clerk commenced to read the will. The disposition of Abel's property had been the subject of endless speculation throughout the district, and half the voting population were there to listen.

The clerk began in a droning monotone, "I, Abel Darley, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make, publish and declare the following as and for my last will and testament." The next few lines of technical commonplace were lost in a jumble of inarticulate speech. Then the clerk raised his voice:

"All my estate, both real and personal, I give, devise and bequeath to my beloved friend, Blythe Dunton, as trustee for the following purposes: To invest the same and to apply the income and as much of the principal as may be necessary to the care, education, maintenance and well being of my beloved friend and donkey, Miss Belinda. On the death of the said Belinda the remainder is bequeathed to my brother, Nathan Darley of Baslow Common."

When the clerk had finished, Screw Jim arose to address the court. "If your honor please, I object to the probate of this will on the ground that the chief beneficiary is an improper person in the eyes of the law and incompetent to inherit. The will is invalid."

"Hear him!" shouted Ged Smith. "Improper person! She ain't a person at all. And as for her bein' incompetent to inherit, it isn't so. If you can show me a statute on the books of this great and free commonwealth that forbids a donkey to be an heiress, I want to see it. She ain't a lunatic, is she? She ain't a corporation or a body politic. She ain't a married woman. She ain't a alien. In fact, there isn't a single law framed by the legislator of this liberty lovin' state that impugns in any way the testamentary provision of our late friend and citizen."

The court interrupted. "Mr. Burroughs, you represent the residuary legatee, Mr. Nathan Darley. If you can show me a single precedent upholding your contention, I will deny probate. Otherwise I must admit the will. Mr. Dunton, you may consider yourself guardian of Miss Belinda. A moment, please. Is—is your ward in court?"

A titter ran around the room as Dunton appeared leading his four footed charge down the center aisle of the courtroom. There she stood, blinking solemnly and apparently oblivious of her good fortune. When the court inquired in a sepulchral tone whether "Miss Belinda, surname unknown, knew any reason why Blythe Dunton of Baslow Hill should not be appointed her true and lawful guardian," she gave no sign of disapproval. The crowd left the courtroom. Blythe Dunton filed his bond and removed Miss Belinda, the donkey heiress, to her home.

From that day Belinda lived in style. She was straightway installed in the parlor of the Dunton household, which was converted into a stable for her benefit.

Six months passed, and nothing had been heard of the threatened appeal. Then, late one Sunday night, Blythe was roused from his slumber by the sound of footsteps in Belinda's room. Hastily donning his clothes, he went below. There lay Belinda in her stall—dead.

"Poisoned!" he exclaimed. He called John, the hired man. "John," said he, "don't allow any one to enter this room. I am goin' over to Bakewell market place to fetch Belinda."

"Belinda!" stammered John. "Why, there she is in her stall! I guess she's done for."

"That ain't Belinda," said Blythe, with a wink. "That's another donkey I was keepin' here for awhile. Belinda is in Matlock. If they want to prove the contrary, let 'em try it."

In three days Blythe returned. He came through the town in the dead of night driving a large covered wagon. A week later he was summoned to court.

"I have been informed that your ward is dead," said Judge Smith. "If that be the case, your guardianship is terminated. Can you produce her?"

"Of course I can," said Blythe. Then he added meaningly: "If anybody thinks Belinda is dead, I would like to meet the gentleman and hear his proofs. Fact is, somebody entered my home two Sundays ago and poisoned one of my animals, but Belinda is home at this present moment chewin' the cud of contentment. If you would like to see her, judge, I'll bring her round." And there the matter dropped.

Six months later Blythe Dunton's house burned to the ground. The insurance companies said the fire was of incendiary origin, but they were unable to prove it, and after some interesting litigation they paid the policies. Once more an evil minded genius asseverated that during the progress of the fire he had seen the caress of a donkey lying across the threshold of the Dunton house. Blythe was summoned. He appeared at once, leading his donkey to court. The opposition when called upon to prove that the animal produced was not the donkey heiress failed signally.

Belinda was confusingly versatile and changeable in character. For an entire year after a circus had passed through the town she exhibited tricks and talents that no one would ever have suspected. The following spring she lost her cleverness and suddenly developed a temper that brooked no approach within six feet of her heels. Her girth, too, varied marvelously. One summer she waxed fat and large. By winter time she had become meager and scrawny. The decline was temporary; when the sun came out and painted the apple trees she resumed her former sleekness. Fickle was Belinda, even to her tail. That interesting member fluctuated between hirsute length and bony brevity in a manner that created no little astonishment.

So matters went for five years, during which Belinda earned a tremendous reputation. So pronounced was local pride that no less than ten men were ready to make oath that Belinda was born upon their farms. Blythe Dunton basked in the light of prosperity and liberally denied the pretensions of no one.

The following winter he died. His last words were, "Take care of Miss Belinda." That was impossible, for his administrator reported that all of the Darley fortune had been spent. As he crossed the Dunton garden patch a queer sight met his eyes. He saw before him nineteen mounds of brown earth, and over each of them a wooden slab. The slabs were all alike except their dates and each of them bore the inscription:

HERE LIES BELINDA.

Justice Two Centuries Too Late.

In October, 1635, Roger Williams because of his inspiring pleas for individual liberty was ordered by the general court of Massachusetts to leave the colony forever. He went to Rhode Island, where he lived for nearly fifty years. But the official conscience grew a little restless, and some years ago—in April, 1890—Massachusetts actually made atonement for its rash act. The original papers, yellow, faded and crumbling, were taken from their mouldy tomb and "by an ordinary motion, made, seconded and adopted," the order of banishment was solemnly "annulled and repealed and made of no effect whatever."

The ban under which Roger Williams had lain for over 200 years was lifted. And there is no reason now, according to law, why Roger Williams cannot enter the state of Massachusetts and reside therein. The action was to the credit and honor of the state; it was right in its spirit, and Roger, being in the spirit for more than two centuries, may have smiled gently and understood. But the reparation was really overdelayed.—From "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan. Published by Brentano's.

Native Gods as Church Bells.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native, "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The hint was taken. They were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.—London Globe.

A Poser.

An inspector of schools on one occasion told a class that they were the dullest set of boys he had ever met.

A few days later he received through the post an effusion addressed "To the Examiner What Goes to —— School."

It was a long letter, in which the writer complained of the gentleman's smartness and wound up as follows:

If we're the dullest set of boys you ever met, why do you set sich posers? Why don't you give us a chance? You ax us questshuns as men couldn't anser. Any fule can ax questshuns. I'll ax you one of feythers. "If it takes three hundert and forty-five and a half yards of white cotdefoy (corduroy) to mek a helefant a black waistcoat, how long would it tek a lame black betle to crawl through a barril of treakle?" There, anser that!

—London Globe.

WRITER'S THOUGHT CRAMP

The Way the Flood of Inspired Ideas Ebbs and Flows.

If the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which come with the excitement of creative composition—and these he undoubtedly has—also he knows distressing periods of mental apathy.

He has been working away at top speed, full of gladness in that subtle fabric which his pen weaves in the warp and woof of paper and ink. His head is packed with inspired ideas, like a gift box from the gods. His hopes ride high. His ambitions scrape the clouds.

Then something happens. It is not a snap, a break, a crash—nothing so tangible. It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. No longer is he a country of majestic, white robed heights and alluring purple toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak.

Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing.

At last, baffled, discouraged, heart-sick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish self pity the melancholy spectacle of himself.

But, like drought and flood, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small, it passes. And he knows not how or when it goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord apparently the machine has set itself in motion.—Sewell Ford in The Reader.

Saved Ann a Ducking.

A colonial shrew who was threatened with the ducking stool was once saved by this plea:

"You wish to duck Ann Willett to cure her?" her defender declared. "Now if she be not cured where is the gain in ducking her? And if she be cured all the women who now keep a guard over their tongues through distaste to be likened to such a known, notorious and contemptible scold as Ann will go so no longer, but although it is not like any should become such as she, yet all will scold a little more than now they do, the check of her example being removed. Now, it is better that Ann, being a single woman without family to afflict, should go unpunished and unducked, but despised by all, and wag her tongue as she will, standing therein for the whole town, than that she should be silenced and the tongues of other women run more free."

This argument seems to have prevailed, for Ann Willet was never ducked.—Youth's Companion.

Stephenson's Birthplace.

In a red tiled two story house on the road between Newcastle and Hexham, England, was born George Stephenson, the inventor of the first practical locomotive, on June 9, 1781. He earned his first regular money—a shilling a week—for looking after cows, and he was eighteen before he learned to read. The modeling of engines in clay was his favorite occupation as a boy, and when he grew up toward manhood he had charge of engines and displayed his inventive genius in their improvement. At last, in 1813, he produced his first locomotive, which he called a traveling engine. Lord Ravensworth was called a fool for advancing money for the construction of a locomotive. A few years, however, proved that Lord Ravensworth was not so foolish as people supposed, for in 1825 the Stockton and Darlington line was opened for traffic.

The Electrical Current.

The path traversed by a heavy current of electricity in passing through the body is a matter of great importance. The most dangerous is from one hand to the other, because the resistance of the path is low and because the current passes near the heart. Hence it is a good rule in handling live conductors to use but one hand. An important rule to observe in rescuing a person in contact with a live wire and when it is impossible to cut off the current is to push the victim off with one foot. Even should the current pass from one foot to the other through the resistance of the path is considerable, and as the current does not pass near the heart serious injury is not likely to result.

Proof of a Conspiracy.

The following story is told in explanation of the reason why the teaching of chemistry in Turkish schools was forbidden some years ago. It had been proposed that this science should be added to the curriculum, but the first thing that struck the eyes of the ruler of the faithful on opening an elementary textbook of chemistry was the formula for water, H_2O. "Here," said the sultan, "is proof of a conspiracy to undermine my authority in the eyes of my subjects. H two O! That's nothing but a sly way of intimating that Hamid II. is a naught."

Beyond Belief.

Mr. Hunter (reading)—Huh! This advertisement says "roomy flat to let." Talk about your "condensed lye!"

Mrs. Hunter—How do you mean?

Mr. Hunter—Well, if it's roomy it surely can't be a flat; if it's really a flat it can't be roomy, and if by some miracle it should be a roomy flat it wouldn't be "to let."—Philadelphia Press.

Worked Both Ways.

Jaggles—Are they good divorce lawyers?

Waggles—Best in the business. They've originated over a hundred different ways of collecting alimony and as many more for evading the payment of it.—Judge.

In one of the Howe islands, off Australia, is a banyan tree the branches and trunks of which cover nearly seven acres.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

HIS JUST REWARD

.....By PETER M'ARTHUR

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BOZRAH could hardly be described as a deserted village because it had never been frequented. It consisted of one store and a station house on an inexcusable railroad that had been built during the railroad craze of a generation ago.

The 7 o'clock express was pulling away from the station and plunging into the darkness of an approaching thunderstorm. Sam McDonald, the storekeeper, who was also postmaster and express agent, was standing in his doorway looking at the slaty curtain of rain that was rising across the sky under a fleecy arch of wind cloud. Every moment the lightning was becoming more vivid and the thunder claps sounded nearer. He was on the point of retreating into the store when the station master called to him through the windy tumult:

"Hey, Sam! Here's an express parcel!"

"Lock it up in the freight room for the night!" he called back.

"But this has a special order with it, and it's insured," said the station master, coming toward the store at a run through the first heavy drops of the storm.

"The order says that it is to be delivered tonight," he continued as they both got under shelter. And he handed a little parcel to McDonald.

"Orders or no orders, it isn't going to be delivered in a storm like this," McDonald growled. Then he lit a lamp, for the darkness of midnight had come with the storm.

"Well, it's no funeral of mine," said the station agent. "You have the parcel, and it's your business to look after it."

In the meantime McDonald looked at the address and suddenly stood bolt upright. After a brief pause he put the parcel in his pocket and started toward the back door which led to the stable.

"Where are you going?" asked the station agent, in surprise.

"To deliver this parcel!" McDonald called back with a savage laugh as he buttoned his coat and plunged out into the beating rain. A few minutes later the station agent heard McDonald speaking fiercely to his horse as he mounted in the stable yard and then for a few moments heard the splashing of its feet as it galloped away.

McDonald could see the road only in glimpses when there was a blaze of lightning. His frightened horse was constantly stopping, as if overwhelmed by the rain, but still the rider leaned against the storm and rode forward. The storm in his heart was so fierce that the tumult of the elements almost soothed him. Olive Lucas would have her birthday present even if he died in the attempt to deliver it.

It was a strange fate that made McDonald in his capacity of postmaster and express agent a go between for the scornful Olive and his rival. Letters

THE CURRENT BORE THE RAFT TOWARD THE LUCAS HOUSE.

had been passing between her and Harry Lawson with ever increasing rapidity, and he knew that the little parcel he was carrying was undoubtedly a love token for her birthday on the following day.

Olive Lucas was the only daughter of a farmer living on the rich flats of the Spadina river. As it frequently fell to her lot to go to the post office for the weekly paper and the family mail, and also to do a large part of the family shopping, the taciturn young shopkeeper saw a great deal of her and learned to love her with all the intensity of his repressed nature. The natural result of this propinquity was to waken a responsive feeling in Olive, so that when McDonald declared his heart with sudden vehemence she consented to be his wife; but, being young, she insisted on a year's delay before their marriage, and during that year she learned many things about her lover that she had not previously suspected. He was a man whose nature had not been softened by the fierce struggles of his early life. Instead of broadening him adversity had made him narrow and suspicious, and as soon as he conceived he had the right to dictate to her he developed into a jealous tyrant. As postmaster he saw all the letters she wrote and received and practically established a censorship over her mail. His was a love that demanded sacrifices rather than made them, and Olive was beginning to realize her mistake when Harry Lawson, an old playmate who had gone to Chicago some years ago, returned for a holiday. He was so delighted to find his little tomboy friend developed into a demure but lively beauty that he promptly lost his heart to her, and she reciprocated his affection.

A couple of days after Lawson had returned to the city a letter from him arrived at the post office addressed to Olive. McDonald recognized the handwriting and was unusually surly as he delivered the missive. Olive noticed his anger and knew its cause and received the letter with a defiant toss of her head. The result was a bitter quarrel and the end of their engagement. Next day she posted a letter to Lawson, and from that time on their correspondence was fast and furious.

If he had dared, McDonald would have destroyed the letters; but, with all his faults, his sense of duty was too keen to allow him to commit such a wrong. But to be obliged to take a love token from his rival to Olive instead of merely handing it out at the office was simply maddening.

As he neared the river flats where Olive lived the storm was rolling away to the east, and the moon in her first quarter was casting a faint light through the broken clouds. A short distance from the river bank his horse stopped suddenly and stared before him. McDonald raised his head and peered sullenly into the semidarkness. The little valley through which the Spadina wound was in reality the channel it had originally cut for itself through the plateau which it drained. As McDonald looked at it this valley appeared to be filled with a gray fog. While he was wondering vaguely at the unusual occurrence he became conscious of a dull continuous roar and realized that what he saw gleaming before him was not mist but water. The little river was flooded and was once more filling its ancient channel. He then remembered that all the previous night and previous day there had been an unceasing series of thunderstorms sweeping across the north, where lay the sources of the river.

Owing to the improved drainage system the rainfall had all poured into the river at once, and the result was a flood as sudden and overwhelming as comes with the breaking of a mighty dam. As he looked at the flood of water he knew that the Lucas house on the river flats must at least be surrounded by water. Urging his horse to a gallop, he reached the river bank and found there a group of farmers who were looking out on the scene of destruction. By the dim moonlight and flashes of lightning that were still vivid they could see all kinds of wreckage floating in the boiling torrent. The Lucas home was already submerged to the second story, and Olive and her parents could be seen huddled on the roof awaiting a rescue that seemed impossible. The few boats owned by the farmers had been swept away by the waves that had rushed down the valley. The water had risen ten feet in as many minutes and was still rising. When McDonald realized the situation he was conscious of a fierce feeling of exultation. This new difficulty would only serve to make his martyrdom more complete, and Olive would get her gift from his rival with a greater sacrifice on his part. He felt that it would be a glorious revenge.

Having been a raftsman on the lakes in his youth, the stormiest water had no terrors for him, and he began to cast about for some means of reaching those who were in such deadly peril. He remembered that the farmer whose barn stood a few rods away had a tank wagon box that was used to carry water to the (hrashing machine engine. It was made water tight, and, as it could keep water in, it could also, if closed, keep water out. It would make an excellent float for a raft.

Calling on the men who were standing on the river bank to come and help him, he ran to the barn, telling them on the way what he wished to do. Willing hands carried the tank to the edge of the water, and others lifted one of the wide barn doors from its hinges. This door they spiked securely on the top of the tank, and with a few strokes of an ax McDonald made a rude oar from a plank. This oar he fastened to the end of the raft with a rope, and, taking with him the lantern with which the farmer had been lighting him at his work, he got aboard his strange craft and was pushed out into the stream. With his heavy oar, which he used chiefly as a rudder, he worked his raft out into the current, which bore it toward the Lucas house. Mr. Lucas also had a lantern, and as he saw that rescue was coming he waved it frantically. Calculating his direction to a nicety and fighting the unfamiliar currents with the skill of a raftsman and the strength of a giant, McDonald forced the angry water to drive him straight toward his destination. The raft struck the house squarely, and as it did the building yielded perceptibly and tottered to its foundation. Realizing the danger, Lucas grasped Olive and hurled her forward upon the barn door, where McDonald, who had forsaken his oar for a moment, caught her and laid her in safety. As Lucas followed with his wife in his arms the roof seemed to slip from under him. A moment later they were all sweeping forward over the spot where the house had stood, and a mass of wreckage was plunging and tossing in the current ahead of them. As soon as they had trimmed their raft so that there was no danger of its upsetting McDonald again took the rudder and tried to steer for the shore, but they had been caught in the current, that was rushing like a mill race, and were being tossed along like a cork. Seeing that his wife and daughter were safe, Lucas picked up the lantern that had remained lighted through all the turmoil and held it up so that he could see the face of his rescuer.

"It's Sam McDonald!" he shouted to his wife and daughter over the roar of the waters.

"You have saved our lives, God bless you! You were not a minute too soon."

As Olive heard the name of her rescuer a sudden pain clutched her heart, and she remembered, as one who was drowning might, all that she had ever done to pain him. From time to time he was silhouetted against the sky by the receding lightning flashes, and in

"YOU DID IT NEITHER FOR LOVE NOR THROUGH HUMANITY."

these sudden glimpses his stern face seemed almost heroic. As she watched him tugging at the oar she realized as she never had before the force of the man. Even in their terrible predicament she felt a sense of security that gave her leisure to doubt if she had really understood him and treated him right. Try as she might, she could not imagine her soft spoken and white handed favored lover facing such danger for her sake and showing himself so sternly masterful. Of course the time was not one in which to decide the future, but she felt an overpowering longing to at least beg her rescuer's pardon and thank him even with caresses for having saved her life and the lives of her parents.

In the meantime McDonald continued the terrible battle with the flood, but not until a bend in the river was reached was it possible for him to swing the raft out of the current into an eddy and guide it to the shore. When it finally touched land he plunged into the water and pushed the raft securely aground. As they all scrambled on to the land they began to overwhelm him with their thanks, but all he said in reply was:

"I simply did my duty. An express parcel came tonight for Miss Olive, with orders for it to be delivered at once, and now I can deliver it."

As he said this, he handed the girl the little package. She detected the note of cruel exultation in his voice, though her parents did not, and she took the parcel from his hand mechanically without speaking a word. At this point a couple of farmers who had been watching the flood and had seen them land with their lantern came running up. After congratulating them on their rescue they insisted that they should go up to the farmhouse and get dry clothes. Although McDonald's errand was performed and he knew that the right thing for him to do was to return to his home, he could not resist the temptation to enjoy his triumph even further, so he yielded to the importunities of the farmers and accompanied them. While Olive was changing her dress in the spare bedroom she looked at the parcel that McDonald had brought so heroically and yet so ungraciously. Then she tore it open. When she saw what it contained she was thrilled with a pleasure that made her forget her recent danger and doubts and decided her as to what she should do. Returning to the general room of the house, she found McDonald standing apart from the others and noticed instantly the flash of bitter triumph in his eyes as he looked at her. Walking directly up to him, she spoke quietly, so the others could not hear:

"You have saved our lives, and for that we can never cease to be grateful, but you did it neither for love nor through humanity, but for hate and spite, and for that you shall have your reward."

Raising her hand, she showed him that it contained a diamond engagement ring, and, looking him fairly in the eyes with a level glance that told him that she would rather be lying at the bottom of the river than to have received her life at his hands when he had saved it in such a spirit, she slipped the ring on her finger and turned away from him.

Cockfighting in England.

For centuries cockfighting was encouraged in English schools. Fitzstephen in the twelfth century mentions it as an amusement of Londoners and that yearly at Shrovetide the boys of every school brought cocks to their schoolmasters, and all the forenoon was spent in school witnessing these birds fight. As late as 1790 the income of the schoolmaster of Appleross, in Ross-shire, was drawn partially from cockfight dues. Down to 1815 at least there was an annual exhibition of cockfighting at the Manchester grammar school.

Wig Dressing.

Not everybody who can dress a head of real hair becomingly can comb a wig with equal success. There is a special knack in wig dressing. In some shops where wax figures abound one or two of the employees are trained in the art of wig dressing and combine that with their other duties at a slight increase of salary, but in most places the entire business is intrusted to professional wig dressers.

COST OF TRAIN LUXURY.

The Reason That Railway Passenger Rates Are So High.

It may be asked why the railway locomotive does not pull passengers at a lower rate. Because it gives passengers so much room, comfort and high speed that it has to carry a ton of dead weight for each passenger. A locomotive weighing 100 tons pulls at 45 miles an hour 12 cars weighing 600 tons and containing 700 people weighing 50 tons, assuming the passengers to be men, women and children, but chiefly men, and to average 151 pounds each; 1,400 pounds of dead weight per passenger when every seat is taken. But cars cannot average more than seven-tenths full.

The railway carries free the passenger's 150 pound trunk and sends with him toilet rooms, heating stoves and fuel, smoking rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms. These houses on wheels and the locomotive which draws them have to be made very heavy in order to get the great strength made necessary by high speed.

If the railway could dispense with these comforts and luxuries and carry passengers packed closely inside and on top of low roofed, ramshackle, unheated vehicles like the old stage and at slow speed it could pull passengers at one-tenth to one-twentieth the price of the old stage.—Engineering Magazine.

North Pole For Bald Heads.

"Talking of hair restorers," said the captain of a steamer who has been a whaler, "none of them is in it with the air of the arctic regions. A man with thin hair who fails to get a new crop if he goes within the arctic circle is a hopeless case. I have seen whalers who got bald when they stayed at home for a year or two and got a new crop of hair every time they went toward the north pole on a whaling expedition.

"How do I account for it? The farther you go north the land animals get shaggier. It is a provision against the cold. When the arctic winter approaches the reindeer, the bears and other animals get a thicker coat of hair or fur. Similarly the hair on the human head thickens when you go far north.

"It is a fact. Now, I don't want you to think that once the follicles of the hair are dead new hair always comes, even in northern regions. Sometimes, when a man is apparently as bald as a billiard ball, the follicles are not dead, and there is hope for him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Quaint Old Will.

"My hobby is the collection of strange wills," said a retired sea captain. "I have gathered together copies of over fifty odd testaments, and fine reading some of them are. One, over 300 years old, bequeaths—what do you think? Why, it bequeaths its maker's soul to God. This is the way it reads:

"'In Dei nomine, Amen; the yere of our Lord 1541, the XXXth day of May, I, Robert Pettigrew, hole of mynd and memory, make my testament and last will, yn forme and manner followyng: First, I bequeth my sowle to Almighty God, and my body to be buryd yn the churchyard of North Cadbery. I bequeth to my sonne Richard a cowe, a calff, the second best grass payne, II flatters, II dyssbys of pewter, and an akar of wheat, an akar of dragge, and an akar of medow. To my daughter Alys, a cowe. To my sonne Thomas, my old oxe. The residew of my goods, not bequethed, I give to Muwde, my Wyffe.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Corals of Our Own Coast.

It is a common notion that corals grow only in tropical and subtropical waters and that no coral reefs are to be found along our own familiar coasts. As a matter of fact, coral formations stretch all along the Atlantic coast of the United States, although the reefs do not rise so high that they project from the water. Some of the most beautiful of the living coral in the New York aquarium was dredged up from the Atlantic ocean almost within sight of the city of New York, and there are many coral patches still closer to the shores. Generally the northern coral is snow white, although sometimes it has a delicate brown tint. Pink coral is found occasionally, but it is rare.

A Bargain.

Fred—Kitty didn't marry that millionaire duffer after all, did she?

Jack—No; he backed out, and she sued him for breach of promise.

Fred—What damages?

Jack—Twenty-five thousand, and she got it.

Fred—Clear case of $25,000 off for cash, wasn't it? I didn't think Kitty was so sharp at driving a bargain.—Comfort.

A Startling Request.

Percy is a little boy who makes plans to shirk his bath sometimes. But the other evening he came in from play tired and hot and sticky.

"Do I get a bath tonight, ma?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his mother.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "the Lord knows I need it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Revived Topic of Discussion.

"It looks as if we were in for another Napoleonic revival."

"What makes you think so?"

"I understand the Lime and Plaster club has revived the old debating question, 'Resolved, Dat Bonaparte am a greater man dan Napoleon.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Asunder.

Tom—Have Maud and Ethel quarreled? I don't see them together lately.

Dolly—No, they haven't quarreled; but Maud's new gown is lavender and Ethel's new gown is blue.—Somerville Journal.

Returned His Love.

Friend—What's the matter, old man? Doesn't she return your love?

Jilted One—That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl.—Princeton Tiger.

One man makes a fortune to eight that become bankrupt in England.

A BERTH JACK SHIRKS.

Nova Scotia Ships Are Said to Be the Worst Afloat.

The worst snag in the way of a ship into which Jack can go is a Nova Scotian. A certain Nova Scotia ship came into port at Santos one day with a crew that was little short of mutinous owing to the fact that the captain was too sparing of the rations. The ship had a bad name among sailors at the best, and as soon as she was anchored the entire crew cleared out. For three weeks after she had discharged and got her new cargo she lay there with no crew to take her to sea. At last the captain went to some of the crimps on shore and told them to round up a crew under any pretext. The crimps sent men around the docks offering big wages to any of the loungers who would go aboard the vessel to rig some new sails. Some twenty men were quickly picked up, many of them in their shirt sleeves, and were taken aboard. They were then covered with revolvers and riffes by the officers, and the anchor was weighed, and the Nova Scotia ship stood out to sea, her unwilling crew leaving families behind without even a chance to let them know what had happened. The next port was Sydney, and the next Yokohama, then San Francisco, then Valparaiso, then Lisbon, and for those men who stayed with the ship it was just two and a half years until she went to Grande du Sul, the nearest port home. Many of them, however, had cleared out and gone home in other ships long before that.—Broughton Brandenburg in Leslie's Monthly.

Cicero and His Daughter.

History abounds with examples of the love that has existed between father and daughter which proved superior to the changes of time and fortune, defying even death itself, and entering into the records of humanity imperishable and immortal.

One of the most beautiful instances was the love of Cicero for Tullia. She was a woman of high attainments and exalted character, with qualities of heart and mind that peculiarly fitted her to be her father's intimate companion.

After her death he could find neither consolation for her loss nor distraction for his grief. Affairs of state, weighty matters of political and personal interest, even the sympathy of Brutus and Cæsar, could not dispel the melancholy that settled down upon his soul and forced him for a time into retirement. He wrote of her in these touching words: "A daughter I had in whose sweet conversation I could drop all my cares and troubles. But now everything is changed." "It is all over with me, Atticus. I feel it more than ever now that I have lost the only being who still bound me to life."

An Exclusive Elevator.

There is perhaps no elevator in the world more exclusive than that provided at the capitol for the supreme court of the United States. That elevator can be used by exactly eleven people, and no one else would for a moment consider entering it except as the guest of one of these eleven privileged gentlemen. The fortunate eleven are the nine justices of the United States supreme court, the clerk and the marshal of the court. The elevator goes from the ground floor of the capitol to the main floor, on which is located the supreme court of the United States. It is a small elevator, so that, with its conductor, three portly forms of justices of the supreme court of the United States would fill it. It is one of the very latest designs of electric elevators, and is finished in magnificent style.—Washington Star.

Superstitions.

If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously they are indicating the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts. The same indication is conveyed by the accidental ... of coffee or by the accidental ... of a piece of soap on the floor.

A flickering flame in the fire or an upright excrescence in a burning candle is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or excrescence.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some one else has partaken he will learn the secrets of the latter.

Where He Got His Start.

"Fillem is a good dentist, I suppose, but he seems to take a fiendish delight in working those emery paper files on a fellow's teeth every chance he gets."

"That's due to his early training. He began his career as a saw sharpener."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Grew on Him.

Burton—Your garden is pretty small, isn't it?

Barton—It seemed so to me before I began to take care of it.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

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